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LITERATURE.

BROWNING'S LAST POEMS.

Asolando: Fancies and Facts. By Robert Browning. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

READING *Asolando* once more, and remembering that coffin one had looked down upon in the Abbey, only then quite feeling that all was indeed over, it is perhaps natural that the book should come to seem almost consciously testamentary, as if certain things in it had been really meant for a final leave-taking. The Epilogue is a clear, brave looking-forward to death, as to an event now close at hand, and imagined as actually accomplished. It breaks through for once, as if at last the occasion demanded it, a reticence never thus broken through before, claiming, with a supreme self-confidence, calmly, as an acknowledged right, the "Well done" of the faithful servant at the end of the long day's labour. In the "Reverie" and elsewhere the teachings of a lifetime are enforced with a final emphasis, there is the same delight as ever in the beauty and strangeness of life, in the "wild joy of living," in woman, in art, in scholarship; and in "Rosny" we have the vision of a hero dead on the field of victory, with the comment, "That is best."

To those who value Browning, not as the poet of metaphysics, but as the poet of life, this book, this last book, will be very welcome. It will be equally welcome to those who feel that the finest poetic work is usually to be found in short pieces, and that even *The Ring and the Book* would scarcely be an equivalent for the fifty "Men and Women" of those two incomparable volumes of 1855. Nor is *Asolando* without a further attractiveness to those who demand in poetry a certain fleeting and evanescent grace.

"Car nous voulons la Nuance encor,
Pas la Couleur, rien que la Nuance"—

as Paul Verlaine says, somewhat exclusively, in a poetical confession of faith well-known in France. It is, indeed, *la Nuance*, the last fine shade, that Browning has captured and fixed for us in those lovely love-poems, "Summum Bonum," "Poetics," and the others, so young-hearted, so joyous and buoyant. Daintily, prettily pathetic in "Humility," more intense in "Speculative," in the fourteen lines called "Now" the passion of the situation leaps like a cry from the heart, and one may say that the poem is, rather than renders, the very fever of the supreme moment—"the moment eternal."

"Now,

Out of your whole life give but a moment:
All of your life that has gone before,
All to come after it,—so you ignore,
So you make perfect the present,—condense,
In a rapture of rage, for perfection's endowment,
Thought and feeling and soul and sense—

Merged in a moment which gives me at last
You around me for once, you beneath me, above me—

Me—sure that despite of time future, time past,—
This tick of our life-time's one moment you love me!

How long such suspension may linger? Ah,
Sweet—

The moment eternal—just that and no more—
When ecstasy's utmost we clutch at the core,
While cheeks burn, arms open, eyes shut and lips meet!"

Here the whole situation is merged in the single cry—the joy, "unbodied" and "embodied," of any, of every lover; in several of the poems a more developed story is told or indicated. One of the finest pieces in the volume is the brief dramatic monologue called "Inapprehensiveness," which condenses a whole tragedy into its thirty-two lines, in the succinct, suggestive manner of such poems as "My Last Duchess." Only Heine, Browning, and Mr. George Meredith in *Modern Love*—each in his own entirely individual way—have succeeded in dealing, in a tone of what I may call sympathetic irony, with the unheroic complications of modern life—so full of poetic matter really, but of matter so difficult to handle. The poem is a mere incident, such as happens every day: we are permitted to overhear a scrap of trivial conversation; but this very triviality does but deepen the effect of what we surmise, a dark obstruction, underneath the "babbling runnel" of light talk. A study not entirely dissimilar—though, as becomes its name, more difficult to grasp—is the fourth of the "Bad Dreams": how fine, how impressive, in its dream-distorted picture of a man's remorse for the love he has despised or neglected till death, coming in, makes love and repentance alike too late! With these may be named that other electric little poem, "Which?"—a study in love's casuistries, reminding one slightly of the finest of all Browning's studies in that kind—"Adam, Lilith, and Eve."

It is in these small poems, dealing variously with various phases of love, that the finest, the rarest, work in the volume is to be found. Such a poem as "Imperante Augusto natus est" (strong, impressive, effective as it is) cannot but challenge comparison with what is incomparable—the dramatic monologues of "Men and Women." But there is something not precisely similar to anything that had gone before in the dainty simplicity, the frank, beautiful fervour, of such lyrics as "Summum Bonum," in which exquisite expression is given to the merely normal moods of ordinary affection. In most of Browning's love poems the emotion is complex, the situation more or less exceptional. It is to this that they owe their singular, penetrating quality of charm. But there is a charm of another kind, and a more generally appreciated one, which lies in the expression of feelings common to everyone—feelings which everyone can without difficulty make or imagine his own. In the lyrics to which I am referring Browning has spoken straight out, in just this simple direct way, and with a delicate grace and smoothness of rhythm not always to be met with in his later works. Here is a poem called "Speculative":

"Others may need new life in Heaven—
Man, Nature, Art—made new, assume!
Man with new mind old sense to leaven,
Nature—new light to clear old gloom,
Art that breaks bounds, gets soaring-room.

"I shall pray: 'Fugitive as precious—
Minutes which passed—return, remain!
Let earth's old life once more enmesh us,
You with old pleasure, me—old pain,
So we but meet nor part again.'"

How hauntingly does that give voice to the instinctive, the universal feeling!—the lover's intensity of desire for the loved and lost one, for herself, the "little human woman full of sin"—for herself, unchanged, unglorified, as she was on earth, not as she may be in a vague heaven. To the lover in "Summum Bonum" all the delight of life has been granted; it lies in "the kiss of one girl," and that has been his. In the delicious little poem called "Humility," the lover is content in being "proudly less"—a thankful pensioner on the crumbs of love's feast, laid for another. In "White Witchcraft" love has outlived injury; in the first of the "Bad Dreams" it has survived even heart-break.

"Last night I saw you in my sleep:
And how your charm of face was changed!
I asked 'Some love, some faith you keep?'
You answered, 'Faith gone, love estranged.'"

"Whereat I woke—a twofold bliss:
Waking was one, but next there came
This other: 'Though I felt, for this,
My heart break, I loved on the same.'"

Not subtlety, but simplicity—a simplicity pungent as only Browning could make it—is the characteristic of most of the best work in this last volume of a poet pre-eminently subtle. This characteristic of simplicity is seen equally in the love-poems and in the poems of satire, in the ballads and in the narrative pieces—notably in that story of "The Pope and the Net"—an anecdote in verse, told with the frank relish of the thing, and without the least attempt to tease a moral out of it. It is as if the poet, taking leave of that "British public" which had "loved him not," and to whose caprices he had never condescended, was, after all, anxious to "part friends." The result may be said, in a measure, to have been attained.

That Browning could ever become a popular poet, in the sense in which Lord Tennyson is popular, must be seen by everyone to be an impossibility. His poetry is obviously written for his own pleasure, without reference to the tastes of the bulk of readers. The very titles of his poems, the barest outline of their prevailing subjects, can but terrify or bewilder an easy-going public, which prefers to take its verse somnolently, at the season of the day when the newspaper is too substantial, too exciting. To appreciate Browning you must read with your eyes wide open. His poetry is rarely obscure, but it is often hard. It deals by preference with hard matter, with "men and the ideas of men," with life and thought. Other poets before him have written with equal independent aims; but had Milton, had Wordsworth, a larger and more admiring audience in his own day? If the audience of Milton and of Wordsworth has widened, it would be the merest paradox to speak of either Milton or Wordsworth as a popular poet. By this time, every one at least knows them by name, though it would be a little unkind to consider too curiously how large a proportion of the people who know them by name have read many consecutive lines of *Paradise Lost* or *The Excursion*. But to be so generally known by name is something, and it has not yet fallen to the

lot of Browning. "Browning is dead," said a friend of mine, a hunting man, to another hunting man, a friend of his. "Dear me, is he?" said the other doubtfully; "did he 'come out' your way?" By the time Browning has been dead as long as Wordsworth, I do not think anyone will be found to make these remarks. Death, not only from the Christian standpoint, is the necessary pathway to immortality. As it is, Browning's fame has been steadily increasing—at first slowly enough, latterly with even a certain rapidity. From the first he has had the exceptional admiration of those whose admiration is alone really significant, whose applause can alone be really grateful to a self-respecting writer. No poet of our day, no poet, perhaps, of any day, has been more secure in the admiring fellowship of his comrades in letters. And of all the poets of our day, it is he whose influence seems to be most vital at the moment, most pregnant for the future. For the time, he has also an actual sort of church of his own. The churches pass, with the passing away of the worshippers; but the spirit remains, and must remain if it has once been so vivid to men, if it has once been a refuge, a promise of strength, a gift of consolation. And there has been all this, over and above its supreme poetic quality, in the vast and various work—Shakesperian in breadth, Shakesperian in penetration—of the poet whose last words, the appropriate epilogue of a lifetime, were these:

"At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think,
imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you
loved so,
—Pity me?"

"Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the un-
manly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I driel
—Being—who?"

"One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

"No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-
time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either
should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare
ever
There as here!'"

ARTHUR SYMONS.

The Life of the Lady Arabella Stuart. By
E. T. Bradley. (Bentley.)

MISS BRADLEY has no need to excuse herself for once more attempting to lay before the public the sad story of her heroine. Not only has she had access to new material of considerable interest, which has enabled her to collect at the end of her second volume the documentary evidence in a much more complete form than has hitherto been attainable, but her own treatment of the subject is,

biographically at least, eminently satisfactory. We have before us in Miss Bradley's pages no lay figure of the studio, but the actual, lively, impulsive, book-loving woman who once moved and suffered on the earth. Miss Bradley has made one who has hitherto been little more than a name to be a living presence.

That a writer who has thrown herself so completely into her subject should be altogether just to Arabella's persecutors is perhaps hardly to be expected, and James, of course, comes in for some rough language. Miss Bradley would probably consider it a sign of a cold heart to enquire whether she has ever attempted to understand his position. She talks much, and is justified in talking, about blighted affections and the sin of separating a wife from a husband; but she does not seem to realise that James would not have wished, and would have had no reason to wish, to part the loving couple, if only he could have been sure that they would not have had children. The talk about Arabella's possible conversion to Popery if she lived abroad was little more than talk. The real danger lay in the undoubted fact that Arabella's son by William Seymour, if such a being had ever come into existence, would have united two distinct titles to the throne—that of his father, as holding by the Parliamentary title under the will of Henry VIII., and that of his mother, who was the senior descendant of Henry VII. born on English soil. If such a personage had been at all popular between 1642 and 1649, the line of Arabella Stuart might have been on the throne at the present day. Any stick will do to beat James; but Miss Bradley's eyes ought to have been opened when she found that Prince Henry took the same line as his father.

Nor should Miss Bradley have omitted to inquire what were the circumstances of the time when the marriage took place. Lovers, of course, move in an orbit of their own, and regard not political times and seasons. Still it was unlucky that the marriage should have occurred in 1610, just as the strife between James and his first Parliament was beginning, and that her escape was effected in 1611, after that strife had ended in a total breach, when there had been talk in condemnation of James's Scottish favourites, and language used which must have made him think that some at least of his subjects might be glad to find a claimant of the throne who was on no familiar terms with Scotchmen.

The fact is that history is not Miss Bradley's strong point. A portentous blunder in a note to vol. i., p. 169, is, no doubt, owing to a misprint. But it is strange to find that a writer so familiar with the court life of Arabella's time had never heard of Andrew Melville, as appears by her description of him as a "Nonconformist minister, one Melville" (i. 254); and it may, at least, be well to note that Aremberg, the ambassador of the archdukes, was not an Austrian ambassador (i. 185), and that Raleigh had been imprisoned in the Tower long before 1612 (ii. 66).

Surely, too, Miss Bradley is to some extent wrong in an explanation which she has derived from Canon Jackson of the word "ungraceful" in the following passage from a contemporary letter relating to the escape

of Arabella and her husband, when it is stated that

"the danger was not like to have been very great, in regard that their pretensions are so many degrees removed, and they *ungraceful* both in their persons and their houses."

Ungraceful, Miss Bradley says, probably means "out of favour," i.e., objectionable to the king. This would, however, deprive the passage of all meaning. The point is that they were not out of favour with the people, so that they were not likely to be dangerous to the king.

If I have dwelt at fuller length on what is questionable in Miss Bradley's work than on its undoubted merits, it is because that work is good enough to stand correction.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

Travels in India. By Jean Baptiste Tavernier, Baron of Aubonne. Translated by V. Ball. (Macmillan.)

ALTHOUGH Dr. Ball's translation professes to give only that portion of Tavernier's travels "où il est parlé des Indes et des îles voisines," it includes some notable references to the Portuguese settlements in Africa; and at the present juncture, perhaps, these will be considered more interesting than the description of India in the days of Aurungzeb.

The rambling jeweller, as Gibbon styles the Baron of Aubonne, "who had read nothing, but had seen so much and so well," must have heard about the Portuguese in Mozambique when he was at Goa, and also during his voyage home by the Cape of Good Hope in 1648. Along both banks of the Zambesi, he tells us, from the mouth to a distance of sixty or seventy leagues up the river, there were many negro settlements, each commanded by a Portuguese; and these Portuguese commanders, though subject to the governor of Mozambique, behaved like petty princes, waging war against each other, and some among them having as many as 5000 Caffre slaves. The governor of Mozambique used to keep them supplied with goods, mostly in the shape of black dyed calicoes, for barter with the natives of the interior. He also sent goods to the capital of Monomatapa, situate 150 leagues distant from Shupanga. The ruler of Monomatapa, Tavernier goes on to say, takes the title of emperor, and his authority extends up to the land of Prester John. Dr. Ball contents himself with a tentative suggestion of Matabele in a footnote; but, as pointed out by a writer in the *Times* (December 11), the so-called empire of Monomatapa has long ago been relegated by all serious geographers and historians to the region of myth. Nevertheless, Tavernier's account of the commerce between Mozambique and Monomatapa might suggest a curious commentary on the despatch of the Portuguese foreign minister, in which it was asserted that the cession of the ancient empire of Monomatapa to the Portuguese took place in 1630, Dom Nuno Alves Pereira being then governor of Mozambique. Tavernier had heard stories of the gold fields in what is now either Matabele or Mashuna land. He says:

"It is from these territories of Monomatapa whence the purest and finest African gold comes, and it is extracted without great difficulty by excavating in the ground to a depth of only

two or three feet. In certain places gold is found on the surface of the ground in nuggets which weigh an ounce. I have had as curiosities some pieces which I have presented to my friends, and some of them weighed as much as two ounces."

The governors of Mozambique were appointed by the Viceroy of Goa for a term of three years; and their main function was not to rule a wide dominion but to trade with the blacks, which occupation as a rule was exceedingly profitable to themselves. "Private soldiers as well as governors and captains acquired great wealth by trade." The shrewd French traveller had a theory of his own to explain the decline of the Portuguese dominion in the Indies; and to some degree his observations would apply also to their failure in Africa.

"If the Portuguese," he writes, "had not been so much occupied with guarding so many fortresses on land, and if in the contempt they had for the Dutch at first they had not neglected their affairs, they would not be to-day reduced to so low a condition."

But the Portuguese made bad colonists. Directly they passed the Cape of Good Hope they all became *Hidalgos*. Simple Jeronimos and Pedros added Dom to their names, whence they would be called in derision "*Hidalgos of the Cape*." Moreover, those who crossed the seas changed their nature; and there were no more vindictive people in the world than the Portuguese of India, nor any more jealous of their womankind. Murder was the commonest of crimes, and a man would kill his enemy even at the altar. The law, says Tavernier, takes no cognisance of these crimes, because in general their authors are the first in the land.

The historical value of Tavernier's narrative, so far as it relates to India, is small, considering the extent of his travels and the opportunities he enjoyed of becoming acquainted with the leading men of the time. His "account of the last wars in Hindustan, in which the present condition of the empire and court of the Moghul is set forth," bears such a close resemblance to Bernier's history that, as Dr. Ball points out, Bernier must have supplied Tavernier with most of his information. At the same time, Tavernier often gives us a more sharply defined view of India under Moghul rule than can be obtained from the pages of more careful annalists. The peasants, he tells us, "are reduced to great poverty; because if the governors become aware that they possess any property, they seize it straightway by right or by force." You may see in India, he goes on to say, whole provinces like deserts whence the peasants have fled on account of the oppression of the governors. Most of the Moghul's officers were foreigners. There were but few native Mohammedans in positions of command. The public service was filled with Persians, driven either by poverty or ambition to seek their fortune abroad. Both in the great Moghul's dominions and in the kingdoms of Golconda and Bijapur these Persians held all the highest posts. Turks from Iran would, of course, be a more accurate designation than Persians. (To this day native officials are still called Turks in parts of the Punjab. If government subordinates, perhaps all of them Hindus, happen to be staying in the village

rest-house, one villager will say to another, "*Turk log choyd men baithe hue hain*"—"There are Turks in the rest-house.") The Nawab Mir Jumla was a fair type of the Turk governors in the reign of Shah Jehan. Tavernier saw a good deal of him, and his account of the Nawab at work is one of the most striking passages in the book. Of the English traders in India Tavernier tells us but little. He met with marked civility at the hands of the President of Madras, and went to two or three English parties at Masulipatam. "They entertained us," he writes, "as pleasantly as they could, having *baladines* (*nautch girls*), of whom there are no lack in this country, present after the repast." At Surat the English merchants used to smuggle gold coins ashore in their wigs.

If Tavernier was no politician, he was a keen and shrewd man of business. There is sound commonsense in the chapter "concerning the methods to be observed for establishing a new commercial company in the East Indies." He insisted on the importance of not only prohibiting but preventing private trade. The Dutch Company suffered heavily from the private enterprise of its servants, who used to keep the letter of their covenant and trade in their wives' names. Tavernier was careful to note down, too, the manufactures and natural productions of each place he visited; and it would be an interesting study to enumerate the various industries which have disappeared since his time, as well as those which have come into being. What now represents the enormous quantity of very transparent muslins that were made at Barhanpur, in the Central Provinces, and exported thence to Persia, Turkey, Muscovy, Grand Cairo, and other places?

"Some of these are dyed various colours and with flowers, and women make veils and scarfs of them; they also serve for the covers of beds, and for handkerchiefs such as we see in Europe with those who take snuff."

At Sironj, in Rajputana, a kind of *coa vestis* was woven. The merchants were not allowed to export the fabric; but the governor used to send it to the court.

"This it is of which the Sultanas and the wives of the great nobles make themselves shifts and garments for the hot weather, and the king and the nobles enjoy seeing them wearing these fine shifts, and cause them to dance."

But Tavernier was mainly interested in India for its diamond mines, and also as a market for jewellery; for, as he explains, fine jewels ought not always to be taken to Europe, but rather from Europe to Asia. This is what he did himself, "because both precious stones and pearls are esteemed there very highly when they have unusual beauty." He spent some time at the diamond mines of Golconda, and also visited three other diamond mines. It is in this connexion that Dr. Ball's learned annotations are especially valuable. Dr. Ball would locate the diamond mines of "Soumelpour" not at Sambalpur, in the Central Provinces, but at Semah, in Lower Bengal; and he concludes his argument by expressing a belief that these once famous mines have not yet been exhausted. Tavernier also saw the great Moghul's diamond, and his translator discusses at some length the question whether this is to be

identified either with the Koh-i-Nur or with the Shah of Persia's "ocean of light." Among the curiosities mentioned by the French traveller is the snake-stone, believed to be an antidote against snake-poison. The Archbishop of Goa gave him one, and he bought several others from the Brahmans, who, indeed, were most likely the manufacturers, though the stone was, and is still said to be, found in the snake's head. There are enormous snakes in Asia and Africa, Tavernier adds, and he had heard of one which swallowed a girl of eighteen. As might be supposed, he had a keen eye for the more costly kinds of decorative art. At Jehanabad he saw the great Moghul's peacock throne, now in the Shah's palace at Teheran, and admired in particular the twelve columns supporting the canopy, round each of which were set rows of beautiful pearls. He himself added to the great Moghul's treasures by presenting Aurangzeb with a richly gilt bronze shield, made originally for Cardinal Richelieu at a cost of about £330. In the middle was represented the exploit of Curtius, and round the margin the siege of Rochelle.

Ever with an eye to business and inclined to tell interminable stories illustrating the sagacity with which he himself would outwit those who opposed or hindered him, Tavernier was at times singularly indifferent to matters which most persons of culture and intelligence would have carefully inquired into. He had heard of Buddhists living in Kangra, and dismisses the subject with the curt remark that their creed is contained in a book "filled with rubbish, for which the author, who is called Baudou, gives no reason." Yet, for all his omissions, he is a traveller whose works we could ill-afford to lose; and Dr. Ball's translation of the chapters relating to India and further India well deserves a place beside Sir Henry Yule's *Marco Polo* and the publications of the Hakluyt Society. The translator's notes err, if anything, on the side of brevity, except when the subject touches on the mineralogy of India, of which Dr. Ball knows more than most people. But both translation and annotation are so well done that one can only hope the remaining portion of Tavernier's travels will now be taken in hand by the same editor.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J. Edited, with Extracts from the Diary of the latter. By C. T. Herrick. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE publication of this volume appears to us to be designed to gratify the ghoul-like disposition of the public to prey upon the reputation of a great man. It is surely unfair to smirch the name of the hero who fought and lived for his country by anonymous aspersions; and "Miss J.'s" full name ought not to be withheld if we are to attach any credit to her statement—or perversion—of facts. The editor herself admits that her story should be received with caution; and, under all the circumstances of the case, we hold that it ought to have been altogether suppressed.

Miss J. was a hysterical young woman, with religious tendencies and an overweening sense of her own importance. She conceived it to be

her mission to convert the Duke of Wellington; and when she was still a girl of twenty years, and he was sixty-five, she forced her acquaintance upon him, as she relates in a narrative drawn up some years after the event, by sending him a Bible, together with "a suitable note." She states that she herself delivered the parcel to the porter at Apsley House, and that he took it in without hesitation. This is one of the assertions which throws suspicion on her story, since the Duke informs her in a subsequent letter that no parcels are taken in without his written order; "so as to prevent my private dwelling being made the deposit of all the trash that is written, invented, or in any way made up." The Duke, according to Miss J.'s account, not only accepted the gift, but asked if he might have the pleasure of seeing her; and in reply to her second note he wrote that: "Although not in the habit of visiting young unmarried ladies, with whom he is not acquainted, he will not decline to wait upon Miss J."

Miss J. proceeds to give an altogether incredible account of their first interview. She promptly opened her Bible and began to read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel—a reading abruptly terminated by the Duke, who seized her hand, exclaiming: "Oh! how I love you!" This, she says, was his first utterance. We confidently assert that such a story is the invention of the diseased and hysterical imagination which leads some unhappy women to believe that every man who approaches must be in love with them.

Without more satisfactory evidence, it is difficult to accept the correspondence which follows as genuine. Extracts are given from letters which Miss J. copied into her diary; and these may have been garbled to any extent. Others are, as the editor informs us, exact copies of the originals, yet they do not tally in every respect with the published and unpublished letters of the Duke of Wellington with which we are acquainted. Several of the notes are undated, and we believe that such an omission will not be found in the whole series of the Gurwood Dispatches. Others, again, are overdated: "At Night," "In the Morning," which is equally opposed to the Duke's usual practice. There is a verbosity in some of the letters which is contrary to the terse style he was in the habit of employing; although others are so characteristic that we hesitate to reject the whole collection. Such a letter as the following would scarcely have been invented, since it certainly confers no credit on the receiver:

"Strathfieldsaye,

"Sept. 17, 1835.

"My dear Miss J.,—

"I always understood that the most important parts of a letter were its contents. I never much considered the Signature, provided I knew its handwriting; or the Seal, provided it effectually closed the Letter.

"When I write to a Person with whom I am intimate, who knows my handwriting, I generally sign my Initials. I don't always seal my own Letters; they are sometimes sealed by a Secretary, oftener by myself.

"In any case, as there are generally very many to be sealed, and the Seal frequently becomes heated, it is necessary to change it; and by accident I may have sealed a Letter to you with a blank Seal. But it is very extra-

ordinary if it is so, as I don't believe I have such a thing. You will find this Letter, however, signed and sealed in what you deem the most respectful manner. And if I should write to you any more, I will take care that they shall be properly signed and sealed to your Satisfaction.

"I am very glad that you intend to send back all the letters I ever wrote to you. I told you heretofore that I thought you had better burn them all. But if you think proper to send them in a parcel to my House, I will save you the trouble of committing them to the Flames.

"Believe me ever yours most sincerely,

"WELLINGTON.

"I believe that the letter with the blank seal and signed with my Initials was sent off last Sunday night from Hartford Bridge, and was franked by me. I hope that this was not deemed disrespectful."

We are assured, apparently on Miss J.'s own authority, that she was remarkable for her personal beauty; but if this was really the case, the person was no index of the mind. She was, on her own showing, an exacting, querulous, unscrupulous woman, who, almost up to the date of the Duke's death at the age of eighty-three, nourished the hope of becoming his wife. Men are often willing to pay the penalty of greatness which is involved in the importunate homage of their admirers; and, although the great Duke had none of the childish vanity and thirst for fame which possessed Nelson, he was not insensible to the charm of adulation. He was fond of the society of women and children, and his relations with the latter were most kindly. The present reviewer is in possession of a series of letters addressed to little girls whose acquaintance he made, because they were in the habit of hovering round the gate of his private garden, which opens into the public garden lying between Hyde Park Corner and Stanhope Gate, in order to catch a glimpse of the great Duke as he walked round the paved path of his little enclosure for afternoon exercise. Instead of being annoyed by their inquisitiveness, he one day beckoned the children to the gate to ask questions about their names and ages, and from that day the acquaintance was established. He did not "know them at home," as schoolboys say, nor was the large school-room party by any means remarkable for their personal attractions. They were, in fact, in the habit of entitling themselves "the plain family," as plain in features as in dress. He was touched by their hero-worship, and took a kindly interest in their pursuits; and it was a red-letter day in the annals of the acquaintance when he unlocked his gate and walked through the public garden in order to pay a visit in Park Lane. The two younger children were invited to pass their small hands under his military cloak, and to walk arm-in-arm with him, while the elder girls followed with their governess in awe-struck admiration.

The correspondence with Miss J. leaves a bad taste in the mouth; and we subjoin a specimen of the letters in which the Duke used to acknowledge an annual offering of grouse, since it does more justice to the simplicity and kindness of his nature.

"London: August 18, 1840.

"My dear Miss Alice and Miss Maggie,—

"I have received the Grouse which you your sisters, and your little Nephew have been

so kind as to send me; and I am much flattered by your recollection of me and gratified by this token of it. But I am still more flattered by your nice little Note.

"I hope that you will write to me again; and, in order to tempt you to do so, I send you the drawing of Monsieur and Madame [a water-colour drawing of two pet frogs which the children had given him], just to show you that our old amusements are not effaced from my mind, although I have at times other matters to think of.

The weather has been delightful, and I have missed you much in the Gardens.

"I hope that the Weather has been favourable in the North, and that the Harvest will be plentiful.

"Believe me ever yours most affectionately,

"WELLINGTON.

"Send me back the enclosed Drawing, and write me a line at the same time."

M. A. PAUL.

NEW NOVELS.

The M. F. H.'s Daughter. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Locket. By Mary M. Hoppus (Mrs. Alfred Marks). In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

The Sin of Joost Avelingh. A Dutch Story. By Maarten Maartens. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

Captain Jacques. A Romance of the Time of the Plague. By Somerville Gibney (Edward Fitzgibbon). (Roper & Drowley.)

The Stranger Artist; or, Through Shadowland. By Edith C. Kenyon. (Roper & Drowley.)

A Snow Flower. By Hester Day. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

What might have been expected. By Frank Strickton. (W. H. Allen.)

A Sage of Sixteen. By L. B. Walford. (Spencer Blackett & Hallam.)

MRS. ROBERT JOCELYN has written a capital novel, which, in spite of its title, is not overcrowded with those hunting chapters that have a way of becoming monotonous, except, of course, when they are the work of such writers as Whyte Melville and Anthony Trollope, who brought to their task both knowledge and genius. Here there is just enough of horses, dogs, and foxes, but not too much; and the hunting element is provided with a *raison d'être* and prevented from being a mere excrement by the fact that one of the crises of the story is the very naturally contrived result of an accident upon the field. There is one noteworthy difference between the ordinary story of fiction and the ordinary story of real life, inasmuch as the reader of average experience always knows how the former will end, whereas the conclusion of the latter is, more or less, a matter of dubitancy and speculation. In this respect Mrs. Jocelyn's novel recalls the world of fact rather than the world of fancy; for though her charming heroine, Dolly Vernon, possesses, in addition to her other virtues, a very considerable stock of decision of character, we are not quite sure until we are nearly at the end of the third volume how she will answer the important question, "Whom shall I marry?" As a large part of the critic's interest in the story has been excited by the skill with which Mrs.

Jocelyn keeps her secret, it would ill become him to betray it; and tortures shall not draw from him the name of the happy man whose pride and joy it is to find himself standing before the altar at Dolly's side. Concerning the justice of the *dénouement* there will probably be differences of opinion, and it is easy to imagine very animated discussions on the respective claims of A and B; but I think the general opinion of "the judicious" will be that Mrs. Jocelyn is true to the constant facts of human nature, and that A is the right man in the right place. This diplomatic use of false initials is, I flatter myself, an original expedient in reviewing, for which I hope Mrs. Jocelyn will be duly grateful; and she also owes me thanks for my positive refusal to name the chapter in the first volume which will give very shrewd people some inkling of what is to be expected in the third. A better story of its kind than *The M.F.H.'s Daughter* one does not often read; and its goodness makes the reader wonder all the more at the strange oversight of the writer in making Captain Denham propose to a girl whose father was perfectly aware of the fact that he was a married man. This, however, is an almost solitary lapse from verisimilitude, for which the critic cannot but be grateful, because it enables him to introduce the element of "discrimination" into his review of a very pleasant, wholesome, and interesting novel.

Though *The Locket* is not a book that is at all likely to rouse anyone's enthusiasm, various pleasant things might be said of it; but the one remark that is likely to occur to readers of Mrs. Alfred Marks's previous stories is that it is decidedly disappointing. It is, indeed, so deficient in the power and passion of *Miss Montisambart* or the fine picturesqueness of *Masters of the World* that were the author's name absent from the title-page her identity would not be guessed by the most discerning reader. The book is, in the first place, almost irritatingly slight. Its *motif* would have provided material for a fairly satisfactory magazine story, and such material might even have been spread over the pages of a single volume without too obvious attenuation; but the two volumes into which it has been expanded are almost painfully thin. Such story as there is can be told in a very few lines. The scene is laid in Guernsey in the days of George II.; and the heroine, Clementina Grandméau, has two lovers, Leonard Delafaye and Andrew Morier, to the latter of whom she becomes engaged. Madened by jealousy, Delafaye murders his rival, then betrays himself by presenting to Clementina a locket which he has taken from the body of his victim, and finally escapes punishment by suicide. The murderer himself is the only character in whom we can feel any real interest, and our interest even in him is minimised by the fact that his individuality is swamped by a passion which transforms him into a mere monomaniac. Still, though the book, as a mere tale, is unsatisfactory to the point of aggravation, it is not destitute of a certain charm. The style is good throughout, the local colour is veracious without being obtrusive, the descriptive passages are really excellent, and Mrs. Marks has given a very realisable picture of life in the Channel Islands at the beginning of the last century.

Very few English readers are familiar with the contemporary fiction of Holland; and if any great number of Dutch writers are producing work equal to Maartens's novel, *The Sin of Joost Avelingh*, our insular ignorance is a thing to be deplored at once and remedied as soon as may be. To speak of it as a great book would be to use the language of exaggeration; but it is a book by a man who, in addition to mere talent, has in him a vein of such genuine genius that, were he hereafter to produce a really great novel, no competent reader of his present story would have any right to feel surprised. In his method of presentation, Maartens shows himself to be a true artist. Like the painters of the most memorable age of his country's art-history, he has a loving eye for homely detail and great skill in the handling of it; but, unlike some of them, he never allows it to overpower him—never allows minute veracities of delineation to interfere with dignity or to mar general truth of effect. If, when the conclusion of the book is reached, the reader feels—as it is quite possible he may feel—a certain faint chill of disappointment, that disappointment will be due not to any ineffectiveness of workmanship, but to the fact that the writer has not been perfectly happy in his choice of theme. The chapters which lead up to and reveal the *dénouement* are, in form, the most powerful in the book; but their intellectual substance is of the nature of an anti-climax. The sin of Joost Avelingh is the sin of a moment, or a few moments, of murderous thought; but the mere accident—for such it really is—of the death of the man who is the object of that thought does not really provide an imaginative justification for Avelingh's years of remorse and final public self-abasement. We feel that we have been, as it were, tricked into an excess of sympathy with an emotion which, though noble in kind, is altogether morbid in degree; and in our own emotional recoil the keen edge of our pleasure is sensibly blunted. In this matter, and it is not a matter of trivial importance, it is, I think, certain that the author has made a mistake. But it is a mistake which the reader will not discover until he nears the close of the second volume; and while engaged in the perusal of the earlier portion of the work he will feel that he is making the acquaintance of a book of singular freshness and power.

The historical tales of Somerville Gibney or Edward Fitzgibbon (I infer that the former is the author's literary pseudonym, and the latter his real name) are always carefully constructed, vivacious, and readable; and *Captain Jacques* is one of the brightest and the best of them. I have numbered it among historical tales for want of a more strictly accurate descriptive phrase; and because, though—with one trifling exception—no actual historical character appears in its pages, it reproduces with picturesque vividness many of the features of life in London at the time of the Great Plague and the Great Fire. If one is to do anything more than indulge in vague generalities of commendation, it is difficult to write of *Captain Jacques* without betraying the secret of the plot; and it must suffice to say that the writer has employed with great ingenuity an expedient which has been previously utilised, with creative genius by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, with

considerable ability by Miss Florence Warden. The book is not devoid of a fault common to books of its class—a superabundance of complications and coincidences; but Mr. Fitzgibbon has acquired sufficient skill in the art of narration to keep his various threads of plot well together, and prevent them from straggling here and there over his pages. In *Captain Jacques* he has produced a well-planned and well-told story of brisk incident which, when once taken up, will not lightly be laid aside.

It is not in critical human nature to say anything about *The Stranger Artist* which can be of interest to a single human being. It is simply a thoroughly commonplace story—the work of a writer who has sufficient culture to avoid glaring literary faults, but not sufficient imagination or dramatic power to write a tale in which the characters are living and consistent, the situations vigorous and impressive. Some of the details are really well finished—the conversations, for example, are, as a rule, noticeably easy and natural—but the most important actions of the principal persons who figure in the story are wholly inexplicable, the consequence being that the book leaves behind it no approximation to a sense of reality.

A Snow Flower is a very unpretentious but exceedingly well-written story, which is made all the more enjoyable by the vein of bright, fresh humour which runs through it. The opening conversation between Maud Darrell and Mrs. Cheeseman—who belongs to Mrs. Poyser's family, though she has less wit and more good temper than her famous prototype—prepares us for a pleasant tale; and there is nothing in the after pages which is at all disappointing. The wilful, impulsive Maud is a very attractive little person; the love story of her elder and quieter sister is very prettily told; and there is one of those warm-hearted motherly old maids who are more frequently met with in real life than in fiction.

The remaining two volumes on our list are written for young people by writers whose previous books have been addressed to older readers. Mr. Stockton, since the days of *Rudder Grange*, has not published a page which could not be pronounced emphatically good, and the solitary fault of *What might have been expected* only appears as a fault from an English point of view. It is, I think, rather too purely American in its main scheme, and in many of its allusions, to be enjoyed to the full by children here; but in spite of these things they can hardly fail to be interested in the ingenious expedients by which Harry and Kate Loudon contrive to keep the old negress Aunt Matilda out of the almshouse. The chapters devoted to the sumac-gathering, the wood-carrying, and the great telegraphic venture are full of "go"; and, though there is less of Mr. Stockton's peculiar humour than in some of his "grown-up" books, there is enough to make the new story very pleasant reading.

A Sage of Sixteen comes with two sufficing guarantees—it is written by Mrs. Walford, and it has been received with favour by the youthful but not uncritical readers of *Atalanta*. There is little that is "sage" about Elma Alfreton, for the nickname given by her

cousin Piers is a humorous rather than an accurate characterisation; but there is everything that is winning. It is difficult to draw the portrait of a schoolgirl of sixteen; who redeems her contemporaries and elders from selfish worldliness without making her something of a prig; but the difficulties are overcome here, for in Elma's sweet, simple nature, priggishness has no place. Lady Alfreton, who is Elma's most distinguished convert, is capably drawn, and so is the heroine's vivacious young friend, Lady Mabel Pomeroy. The story, as a story, is very simple, but it could not well be better than it is.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Hammer: a Story of the Maccabean Times. By Alfred J. Church and Richmond Seeley. With Illustrations by John Jellicoe. (Seeley.) The splendid narrative contained in the First Book of Maccabees affords excellent material for historical romance. To say that Messrs. Church and Seeley have done absolute justice to the capabilities of their subject would be to place them on a level with Scott; but they are well entitled to the lower praise of having produced a picturesque and interesting story. The title, of course, refers to Judas, whose cognomen Maccabaeus is commonly interpreted as derived from the Hebrew *Maqqabi*, "Hammer"; but the personality of the hero is not very vividly brought before us, and the description of military plans and movements is rather weak. One or two incidents of actual fighting, however, are related with spirit. The character of the Jew Micah, or Menander, who for a time attaches himself, though with a pricking conscience, to the Hellenising party, but on the outbreak of revolt throws in his lot with the patriots, is admirably drawn. Another excellent portrait is that of the clever Greek parasite Cleon, who acts as the right-hand man and arbiter of taste of two successive holders of the high priestly office, and who with all his unscrupulousness and refined selfishness has some winning qualities, and dies the death of a brave soldier after all. So far as historical accuracy is concerned we see nothing in the book to complain of; but it should be remembered that the biography of the Hellenising Jews of the second century B.C. has been written only by their enemies, and it is possible that some of them may have been actuated by less unworthy motives than those ascribed to them by the patriotic historian.

Stray Leaves of Literature. By Frederick Saunders. (Elliot Stock.) There are cases in which to know a book means to know its author, and there are others in which to know the author is to know the book. *Stray Leaves of Literature* belongs to the second category. Mr. Frederick Saunders is a native of London, where he was born in 1807. In the same year in which Queen Victoria ascended the throne he went to the United States as a representative of Messrs. Saunders & Otley, who thus tried to obtain copyright protection for American editions of their books. They were unsuccessful; and the petitions to Congress, signed by Washington Irving, Bryant, and Bancroft, were treated with that systematic disregard that the American Legislature has always shown to the claims of justice in this direction. Mr. Saunders, after the abandonment of the costly and fruitless enterprise just mentioned, devoted himself to literature, and received the honorary degree of M.A. from Madison University in 1853. He was one of the editors of the *New York Evening Post*, and a frequent contributor

to periodical literature. In 1859 he became assistant librarian of the Astor Library, and since 1876 has been its chief librarian. He helped Tuckerman in the compilation of *Homes of American Authors* (1853). His own books are *Memoirs of the Great Metropolis* (1852), *New York in a Nutshell* (1853), *Salad for the Solitary* (1853), *Salad for the Social* (1856), *Pearls of Thought*, *Selections* (1858), *Mosaics* (1859), *Festival of Song*, *Selections* (1866), *About Women, Love, and Marriage* (1868), *Evenings with the Sacred Poets* (1869), *Pastime Papers* (1885), *Our National Centennial Jubilee*, orations, &c., in the several States (1877), and *The Story of Some Famous Books* (1887). Even a glance at these titles will show what we have to expect in Mr. Saunders's latest volume. The excellence of *Salad for the Solitary* has not been surpassed, nor even quite reached, in Mr. Saunders's later productions; but if the qualities that constituted its charm are less highly developed in these essays, they are present notwithstanding. A cheerful and unpretentious style, and a knowledge of books that is wide rather than critical, enable him to gossip pleasantly about the survival of books, the mystery of music, old book notes, and similar subjects. Some of his dicta are more than doubtful, as when he says that the *Utopia* "is now seldom read," and calls some verses by T. L. Peacock a "rollicking Welsh ballad." But, although Mr. Saunders claims no high critical faculty, and no great depth of research, he is a genuine lover of literature, and understands the fine art of gossip.

Essays in Literature and Ethics. By the late Rev. W. A. O'Connor. (Manchester: Cornish.) Outside Manchester Mr. O'Connor was known as a writer on Ireland. This volume—a pleasant memorial for his Manchester friends who knew him as a student of literature—may possibly have some interest for a wider circle. Its contents are satisfactory proof that their author was a good man with an alert, well-trained mind of more than average capacity; and from Mr. Axon's introduction, which is sympathetically written, it is evident that, in spite of much disappointment, he led a cheerful life full of well-directed labour. The papers on Browning's "Childe Roland," Tennyson's "Palace of Art," and "The Prometheus of Aeschylus and Shelley," although sermons rather than essays, contain some good thoughts. The following quotation from the first of these is an example of an abuse of language to be found in other critical writings of the day:

"In 'Paracelsus' he related a sad but not uncommon instance of imperfect aspiration and unsought attainment. The currents of imagination set moving during that composition, and the unused cosmic material that floated on them, seem to have given birth, by a purer because more intuitive poetic genesis, to the abstract ballad of 'Childe Roland.'"

That the writer had a meaning is apparent, but it is lost in the dubious allegory of this euphuistic misapplication of scientific terms to literature. Mr. Axon should not have published the verses entitled "Childe Roland leaving the Dark Tower." He thinks they will justify "the claim made for Mr. O'Connor of poetic instinct and expression." They do not. Mr. O'Connor's verses have no connexion with the poem to which they profess to be a sequel. They do contain echoes of "Instans Tyrannus" and "Prospect," but they read much like a bad parody of Mr. Swinburne than a serious imitation of Mr. Browning. Ordinary critical instinct would never dream of a sequel to "Childe Roland," and when the suggestion is made declares flatly that Browning himself could not write one. If the poem must have a meaning, let it be considered an expression of the desperate hope that keeps the world going; that has shaped creed after creed,

philosophy after philosophy; that has produced martyrs, and knights, and the French Revolution, and will continue to produce beliefs and changes, hoping against hope, blowing its slug-horn in the night until time becomes eternity. But it is better than that; it is a great descriptive poem, and ranks with the "Inferno." Mr. O'Connor is at his best in his homelier writings. The caustic wit and rapid manner of his lectures on "Fables," and "From Lancashire to Land's End," make them very readable. In the latter he has given us a new proverb: "There is much more time lost in waiting for a donkey to rise than there is in going round him."

Dryden's Essay of Dramatic Poesy. Edited, with Notes, by Thomas Arnold. (Clarendon Press.) This is the very book teachers of English have been waiting for. *Rasselas*, also published by the Clarendon Press, is a capital book out of which to teach philology and grammar; but we think this, on the whole, more suitable for that purpose, because it is even less interesting. We trust that a number of volumes of this kind will be issued. Some chapters of *Euphues*, Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie*, Prynne's *Histriomastix*, are the proper books from which to prelect on the development of the language. There is hope here for the martyred English master, whose pleasure in Shakspeare and Milton has been destroyed by the terrible annotated editions insisted on by examining bodies. Surely it is possible to get all the drudgery at present associated with the greatest works in our literature shifted to less noble shoulders. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when "Hamlet" and "Comus," if they must be read in schools and colleges, will be studied, with neither introduction nor notes, for their humanity alone. Mr. Arnold's preface is almost perverse. He thinks it worth while to revive the old discussion with regard to the proper measure for the poetic drama, not as historically interesting but as a vital dispute still requiring settlement. We agree with Mr. Arnold and with Dryden that the average writer would be more likely to please in rhyme than in blank verse, because we think it impossible for the average writer to make blank verse. We are further of opinion that the average writer would be conferring a negative service on the world if he would write in neither mode. But where is the use of arguing about the average writer? Did not Dryden, the father of all such as write leaders and reviews, provide him with a vehicle for his necessary thoughts in this very *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, the first book in modern prose? Mr. Arnold's notes are brief and to the point. Both the *Essay* and the *Defence* are here; and as they form a most distinct landmark in English prose, the book may be expected to find other than a merely scholastic public.

Famous Elizabethan Plays. Expurgated and adapted for Modern Readers. By H. M. Fitzgibbon. (W. H. Allen.) In expurgating these six dramas—Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts," Ford's "Perkin Warbeck," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen"—Mr. Fitzgibbon has not spared the knife for fear of spoiling the play. He has cut out altogether 624 lines, mutilated 83, and, tempering justice with mercy, cauterised the omissions and alterations with asterisks and obelisks; so that a dull student of an inquiring mind can readily supply from other sources the missing members, and one of ordinary ingenuity may imagine for himself, in most cases, something like what should be there. Mr. Fitzgibbon seems to know his public, for he has prepared tables for

"dramatic reading clubs and societies," assuring them that "they will find the volume most useful"; and he promises, if he receives the expected encouragement, to issue two more volumes of plays "hacked and chipped" like these. He thinks, in a hazy sentence which even his own italics fail to clear, that "it is much to be regretted that the dramatic masterpieces of Shakspeare's contemporaries, in their entirety, are wholly unfitted for general reading"; and he asserts that his volume "may be placed in the hands of all with the utmost confidence." It will be seen that this book is a product of the attempt which is being made at present to force the study of literature—a vexed question, on which it is easy to take an extreme view. In our opinion expurgated editions defeat their object; for the study of literature is at bottom a study of men and manners, and a conscientious student will say "Hands off!" to the Dutch gardener who would pare and lop to the shape conventionality requires. In so far as it is a study of style, books of selections are amply sufficient for younger scholars; and the most precocious juvenile can find experience, just enough in advance of his own to be wholesome, in literature less luxuriant than the Elizabethan drama.

Sylvanus Redivivus (The Rev. John Mitford). With a short Memoir of his Friend and Fellow-Naturalist, Edward Jesse. By M. Houstoun. (Sampson Low.) To Mrs. Houstoun belongs the merit of having discovered an original mode of writing biographies. She writes her own life at length, and every here and there dilates on the lives she undertakes to treat of when they touch her own. This peculiarity confuses still further the usual idea of biographies which a reader gains from the above cumbrous title-page. More than half the book thus relates to Mrs. Houstoun—her father Mr. Jesse, and her friend Mr. Mitford, obtaining the remaining pages. In short, Mrs. Houstoun here resembles a fixed star, while father and friend revolve around her radiance. Of her father little is told that was not already common property. Born in 1782, the incidents of his life were mainly comprised in holding several crown appointments which offered peculiar opportunities for his favourite study—natural history; in frequently changing his residences, and in marrying twice. He died in 1868. The true life of Edward Jesse is found in his books. There may be seen in every page the enthusiastic lover of nature, the eager student of birds and animals, the reverent mind which always loved to justify the ways of providence in the traits of his familiar birds and dogs, the keen eye and cunning hand, happy in spending quiet hours on capturing pike and perch. We have long known and loved the man without his daughter's impressions of his character. Something might have been vouchsafed to bibliographic tastes, details about his mode of composition (we could avouch that his books were written under the shade of the tall trees which he loved), and the dates of the green-covered volumes remembered so well. But this is evidently unworthy his daughter's attention. Personal grievances about the Duke of Clarence, and especially Croker's treachery—"under whose tongue there lurked the poison of asps"—are more to her mind. The merest outline of Mitford's life is here given—the author frankly confessing that of his early years she knows nothing. As editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and as a man in many respects of kindred tastes with Jesse, the two friends were much attached to each other, until death carried off the former in 1859. A handful of Mitford's letters are inserted, which betray no cleverness; which are, indeed, bad imitations of Swift's amusing, allusive, and discursive style. They were not worth printing, and leave behind them the impression that their writer was a jovial,

amatory diner-out, fond of gardening and general literature. Although he was vicar of a Suffolk parish, he shows himself possessed of a most clerical mind. By way of contrast to these scanty details, Mrs. Houstoun's reminiscences of herself as a child and a young woman are not stinted. The public is admitted into her confidence, both with respect to her first and her second husband, and even the baby. The whole of chapter xii. is thus taken up. Were Mrs. Houstoun's style easy and lucid much might be condoned. As it is, she writes cumbrous, involved English, thickly studded with quotations, which not un seldom obscure the sense. Here is a specimen:

"Truly the 'one human heart' which Wordsworth tells us that we all possess, beat strongly in the breast of the good man to whom that foolish young soldier found courage to confess his fault; and if it be true that 'best men are moulded out of faults,' the penitent, of whose future career I am in ignorance, may eventually have become the better, forasmuch as he had been a little bad."

The Latin quotations are almost without an exception ludicrously misprinted—e.g., "diminuere Prisciani exput," "animala cum cornebus"; and the only Greek word introduced is misspelt. It is a thousand pities that Mrs. Houstoun did not permit some friend to revise the printed sheets of this fulsome, pretentious book.

The Life-Work of the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." By F. T. McCray. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Indignation, which inspired Juvenal's verse, inspired the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is difficult to believe that Lyman Beecher—Mrs. Stowe's father—was once in favour of gradual emancipation, yet such was the case. In fact, in 1837 her sister Catherine published a volume, entitled *Miss Beecher on the Slave Question*—a volume which was received with much favour, not by Abolitionists, but by slaveholders and their apologists.

"While it is true that names that are now honoured, such as Garrison, Whittier, Emerson, Theodore Parker, and Sumner, were enrolled as Abolitionists, the solid phalanx of society in Boston, the bench, the bar, the clergy, merchants, politicians, and the 'best citizens' generally, felt the utmost scorn and detestation for these advocates of philanthropy and justice. No one of the present generation can have a realisation of the manifestations of contempt which every where met the Free-soilers and Abolitionists. In the words of an observer, 'Phillip's oratory and Whittier's poetry were mere whispers against a hurricane.' (p. 71)."

It was to a public that regarded Abolitionism, and not slavery, as the sum of all villainy that Mrs. Stowe addressed herself. She was then (1851) the mother of six children, the youngest of whom was a babe of a few months. In addition to her own children she had a number of pupils and her father residing with her, and to assist her in her household cares she had but one servant. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was dashed off at white heat. "It had no re-writing, scarcely a revision." Copies of the book were sent to the Prince Consort, Lord Carlisle, Macaulay, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Dickens. Of the many tributes paid to her work by distinguished men, perhaps that by Lord Palmerston was the most remarkable. "I have not read a novel for thirty years, but I have read that book three times, not only for the story, but for the statesmanship of it." But we have said enough to show that the book before us is a mine of information for all who value *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Old Lamps and New; an After-Dinner Chat. By Joseph Hatton. (Hutchinson.) Mr. Hatton explains this affected title in a still more affected preface. It appears to intimate that the essays which compose the book have mostly seen the light already in different publications. The bulk of these papers

consists of reminiscences of men more or less distinguished, of holiday-making, literary criticism, Lord Mayor's Day, and the like. All may be read with pleasure; and one, entitled "At Home with William Black," is cleverly written, and will interest that gentleman's many admirers. Everyone likes to know how a distinguished writer works, and here the information is given to all embryo novelists. Unfortunately, no one draws Apollo's bow in the same manner; and few can so much as string that of Ulysses. Mr. Hatton's style is bright and sparkling, allusive and suggestive, touching upon many subjects, and exhausting none, after the fashion of modern journalism. But he is always good-natured and sympathetic, leaving his readers, as they close his book, on good terms with themselves and all their kith and kin.

The Chalice of Carden. By Thomas Wright. (Skeffington.) Those who have read Mr. Wright's first book, *The Town of Cowper*, will be disappointed with his second. The author's strong point is his descriptive power. He can depict well domestic life as it existed one hundred and fifty years ago. The first chapter is on this account the best, unless we make exception of the last. The first chapter describes the breakfast table of an English yeoman; the last a Christmas holiday-making in the olden time. But when we quit introductions and leave-takings and come to the story itself, we are unable to give a favourable judgment. The setting is the best part of the story. The descriptions of scenery and manners are excellent, but both dialogue and plot are woefully poor. The heroine, Bennet Grey, we are told, is a beautiful and charming young girl. As to her beauty, the author must be taken at his word, but as to her character the reader can judge for himself. This is the way in which Bennet accosts two urchins of the village:

"If you tell lies, people will think you always tell them. Try, my boy, to break yourself of the horrid propensity. Have all the legitimate fun you can. Enjoy your young life, but keep within the limits of the truth" (p. 143).

Again this young mentor thus addresses a tramp who has been enjoying her grandfather's hospitality:

"The poor are never spurned from these doors, and I am heartily thankful that no untoward incident militated against your purpose" (p. 207).

We fear the lovely Bennet runs the serious risk of becoming a prig whenever she opens her mouth. Even her accepted lover does not escape her "preachments." Nor can we congratulate Mr. Wright on his plot. The quest of a chalice, even though it be "a mediaeval, gem-encrusted, massing chalice of solid gold," is not in itself a subject to arouse enthusiasm. Bennet, the only well-defined character, is more edifying than attractive. The author has recourse to the supernatural, but even that fails to keep up the flagging interest. And if the whole truth be told, we cannot say the book is free from padding. Mr. Wright is only one instance more of a clever writer whose *métier* is not novel writing.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Two new publishers have commenced business with the new year in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. Mr. William Heinemann, after an apprenticeship of ten years with Messrs. Trübner, proposes to issue works in all branches of literature, and has already made arrangements with several popular writers. We understand that his first book will probably be *The Bondman*, by Mr. Hall Caine, to appear about February 1. Messrs. Percival & Co.—a firm consisting of the son of the headmaster of Rugby, and Mr. Septimus Rivington

—will, in the main, confine themselves to the issue of educational works. They already have on hand the "Clifton" *Primer of Greek Grammar*, written by Dr. Evelyn Abbott and Mr. E. D. Mansfield, with a preface by Dr. Percival.

THE Bishop of Durham has left his valuable library to the University of Dublin and to the Selwyn Divinity School, Cambridge, the division of the books to be at the discretion of his executors, who are Archdeacon Watkins, the Rev. G. R. Eden, and the Rev. J. R. Harmer. The copyright of his works and the residue of his estate, including his MSS., he has left in trust for church and school building and spiritual agencies in the diocese of Durham.

THE late Dr. Charles Mackay has, we understand, left behind him a large quantity of unpublished MS., most of which was quite recently written. It includes a novel in two volumes, entitled "For Love's Own Sake," "Old English Rhymes Made New: a Handbook for Poets and Versifiers of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," "Phoenician Origin of the Grecian Mythology," "Stonehenge and Druidism," "Walks and Talks among the People," and a number of poems dating up to the very latest day he was able to hold a pen. The quality of these last show no signs of decreasing vitality or failing intellectual power.

MR. W. W. BEAN—who may be remembered for his severe criticisms on the Blue Book published in 1880, which purported to contain a return of the members of the House of Commons from 1213 to 1874—has been for some time past engaged on researches into the parliamentary history of the United Kingdom. As a first instalment, he has now sent to press a volume dealing with the six northern counties—Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. The work contains: (1) a list of the members for every constituency from 1603 to the general election of 1886; (2) petitions on disputed elections and their results; (3) analysis of the polls, and authentic statements about the elections; (4) biographical notices of most of the members and candidates, with special mention of any public offices held by them. The whole will be arranged according to constituencies, but there will also be an alphabetical index of names. Mr. Bean hopes to have the book ready for issue to subscribers before the end of February. His address is 4 Montague Place, Bedford Square, W.C.

MR. CHANCELLOR T. E. RODGERS is engaged in bringing out a volume of *Records of Yarlinton*, in which much interesting and little known information concerning the great families of the district will be given. The publisher is Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE next volume in the "Statesmen" series will be *Lord Derby*, written by Mr. T. E. Kebbel. This is to be followed by *Fox*, by Mr. H. O. Wakeman; and *Gambetta*, by Mr. F. T. Marzials.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish in a few days a novel in two volumes, entitled *The World and the Cloister*. The book deals with political and philosophical problems, and is from the pen of Mr. Oswald John Simon, son of Sir John Simon, late M.P. for Dewsbury.

MESSRS. DIGBY & LONG will publish on January 21 a new novel, by Mr. W. Grove, author of "A Mexican Mystery," entitled *The Wreck of a World*. It will form Volume II. of Long's "Albion Library."

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. announce a volume of letters from Brazil, to be entitled

Beyond the Argentine, by May Frances; and also *Naval Warfare*, by Rear-Admiral P. H. Colomb.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE will publish shortly the fifth edition of Sir John Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, with many additions.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. are about to issue their French, German, and Latin Dictionaries in monthly parts, commencing with the French Dictionary, of which the first part will be published on January 25. Upwards of a quarter of a million copies of this Dictionary have already been called for.

MR. W. E. A. AXON has written a popular account of the life of William Lloyd Garrison, which is appearing in weekly instalments in the *Alliance News*. It will be republished in book form immediately on its completion.

MR. MACKENZIE BELL will contribute a poem entitled "Spring's Immortality" to an early number of *Temple Bar*.

AFTER being closed for more than a year for structural alterations, the Central Free Library at Nottingham was re-opened by the mayor on New Year's Day.

DURING next week Messrs. Sotheby will sell several collections of special interest. On Monday the library of the Chevalier de N—, deceased, which includes some very choice examples of the French illustrated work of last century; on Tuesday, a portion of the library of Mr. William Talbot, consisting mainly of first editions of Crickshank, Dickens, Thackeray, &c.; on Wednesday, the remaining portion of what is understood to have been the largest collection of Bibles, both English and foreign, in the world; on Thursday, a collection of early Bibles, New Testaments, and Psalms, formed by the late T. M. Ward, of Maida Hill; and on Friday, the library of the late Archdeacon Sanctuary, whose speciality seems to have been ballads and tracts relating to Scotch history in general and the Jacobite risings in particular.

In the last issue of the *Historisches Taschenbuch* appears an article from the pen of Dr. Wilhelm Busch, of Leipzig, on "The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey." The whole of the information contained in the *Calendars of State Papers* published by the English Government appears to be very thoroughly sifted, with a result which may be briefly stated as follows: Wolsey took up the question of Henry VIII.'s divorce unwillingly, with a conviction that the king was sure to have his way, whether he aided him or not; and he laboured to convince the Pope that it was right, even in the interests of Christendom, to find some mode of gratifying his master, otherwise England would throw off allegiance to Rome. His policy was defeated at the papal court by the watchfulness of Charles V.; but this only precipitated the foreseen result, and made Wolsey another victim, along with Katharine, to Henry's lust and tyranny.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

LIFE.

If life were but what lying tongues have said—
Basely asserting kindred with the clay
In soul and body; boasting of a day
To bring us nothingness when life has fled—
Yet, with the dreams of hope that fondly shed
A glory and a halo round our way,
Then, even then, 'twere better far to stay
In sad existence, than to slumber, dead.
If life were such! But round us and within
A loud denial says eternally,
"Life is a pilgrimage by which we win
Strength in the present, future victory;
Gladness from sorrow, purity from sin,
And from our mortal, immortality."

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

OBITUARY.

SIR HENRY YULE.

ORIENTAL learning—which is by no means coextensive with oriental philology—has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Sir Henry Yule, which took place on Monday, December 30, at his residence in Penywern Road, Earl's Court. For many years past his physical strength had been impaired by a wasting disease; but his extraordinary mental vigour allowed him to continue his official and his literary work well into the year 1889.

Colonel Yule—for by this familiar title both friends and students will always prefer to call him—was born in May, 1820, at Inveresk, in Midlothian. His father was a major in the Company's army; and Sir George Udny Yule, of the Bengal Civil Service, was his elder brother. He was thus a representative of the numerous Scotch families who have played so prominent a part in Anglo-Indian history. After passing through Addiscombe, he received a cadetship in the Bengal Engineers, and landed at Calcutta in 1840. His first appointment would seem to have been on what was then called the North-East Frontier; for in 1842 we find him contributing a paper to the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* on "The Iron of the Kasia Hills." Shortly afterwards he was employed on the extensive irrigation works in the North-Western Provinces, which were being carried out under the superintendence of Sir Proby Cautley; and this also led to a paper in the same *Journal* on "A Canal Act of the Emperor Akbar." But those were the days when engineers were compelled to do civil work "with their swords girded by their side." Yule was twice summoned to arms by the outbreak of hostilities with the neighbouring Sikhs; and he received the Punjab medals for 1846 and 1848. On the occasion of the next war—that with Burma in 1852—Yule was sent to Arrakan to survey the unexplored mountains on the frontier. His services in this capacity were rewarded by his appointment as secretary to the mission of the late Sir Arthur Phayre to the court of Ava in 1855. This mission formed the subject of his first book (1858), which, though overshadowed by his later works, still remains a standard authority. The outbreak of the Mutiny found Capt. Yule employed in the department of public works; and his special duty, we believe, was to keep open railway communication up the valley of the Ganges. From 1858 to 1862—a period which coincides with the viceroyalty of Lord Canning—he held the appointment of secretary to the government in the same department. In 1862, he retired from the service, partly on the ground of ill-health, with the honorary rank of colonel; and in the following year he was gazetted C.B., in the civil division. After his retirement he went to live in the South of Europe, chiefly in Palermo; and he devoted his leisure to those historical researches by which he was soon to become famous. In 1875, however, he was appointed by Lord Salisbury to a seat in the Indian Council; and henceforth he worked double tides—as a public servant and as a student.

The first book in which Col. Yule showed the peculiar bent of his genius was *Cathay and the Way Thither*: a Collection of all Minor Notices of China previous to the Sixteenth Century (printed for the Hakluyt Society, in two volumes, 1866). This work requires to be supplemented from the Chinese side by Dr. E. Bretschneider's *Mediaeval Researches from Eastern Asiatic Sources* (Trübner's Oriental Series, 1888); and in Col. Yule's literary career it served mainly as the prelude to his great work, *The Book of Ser Marco Polo the Venetian* (John Murray, 1871, second edition 1875). On its appearance this was at once recognised as a classic; and indeed it stands

without a rival in the history of geography. The life and veracity of the traveller, the criticism of his text, his position in literature—all alike are finally settled, with a profusion of notes which illuminate every corner of a vast subject. A summary of the whole may be read by the lazy in his own article on "Marco Polo" in volume xix. of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The design of his second great work was conceived before the first was given to the public. This was the *Anglo-Indian Glossary* (John Murray, 1886)—we decline to use the grotesque title of "Hobson-Jobson"—in which the lamented Arthur Coke Burnell collaborated with him. Dr. Burnell died in 1882; and by far the greater part of the work, as well as all the labour of preparing it for the press, were Col. Yule's own. But the collaboration, so far as it went, was fortunate; for Dr. Burnell supplied precisely that linguistic knowledge and philological acumen in which Col. Yule was deficient. The result is a monument of research which every oriental student must consult with increasing admiration. We may say of it, what Col. Yule himself says of the old Indian Office records—borrowing a simile from *Don Quixote*—"One has only to plunge in a ladle at random to scoop out something valuable or curious."

Col. Yule's third and last great work has hardly yet had time to receive the attention it deserves. The history of its genesis is worth telling. In 1887 there was printed for the Hakluyt Society the MS. Diary of William Hedges, who was sent out by the East India Company to establish an agency in Bengal in 1681. The editor had not bestowed any exceptional pains upon his task; nor was it evident, on the face of things, that very much could be made of it, for Hedges was an uninteresting person and his undertaking a failure. But Col. Yule—alone probably of all men—deemed that to publish the bare diary without illustrative notes was unworthy of the Hakluyt Society, of which he had been for many years president. Besides, his interest was aroused by the references to Job Charnock, the semi-mythical founder of Calcutta; to Elihu Yale, the eponymous benefactor of the second American University; and to a mysterious "interloper" named Pitt or Pitts. He therefore set to work to find out all that could be learned about these personages, and many others; and, as his industry was rewarded with abundant fruit, the comment swelled to more than double the bulk of the original text, and was published by the Hakluyt Society in two volumes (1888 and 1889). The latter of these is mainly devoted to a biography of the "interloper" Pitt, here proved to be identical with the Governor of Madras, who brought from India the "Regent" diamond, and who was the grandfather of Chatham. In order to satisfy his own sense of thoroughness, Col. Yule not only searched the records of the India Office and the MSS. in the British Museum; but he also turned genealogist, verifying his facts at the Herald's College, Somerset House, and parish registers. He further illustrated the work with facsimiles and portraits, including those of Pitt and his wife (from pictures at Chevening) which have never before been published. If Col. Yule had never written anything but this, his name would deserve to rank high among historians. When we consider that it was a new field of research, entered upon when he was already broken in health, it seems to us that it may be described in the words of Browning's "Grammarians' Funeral":

"Now, master, take a little rest!"—not he!

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
Fierce as a dragon
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
Sucked at the flagon."

These three great works are far from exhausting all Col. Yule's contributions to literature. Many scattered papers of his—especially obituary notices, in which form of writing he excelled—may be found in the *Journals of the Geographical and Asiatic Societies*, and also in the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Academy*. His wide learning was always at the disposal of his friends, not only to encourage and advise them in adventurous journeys, but also to assist them in publication. In this kind, we may specially mention the valuable Introductions which he contributed to the second edition of Wood's *Journey to the Source of the Oxus* (1872), to Mr. Delmar Morgan's translation of Prejevalsky's *Mongolia* (1876), and to Capt. Gill's *River of Golden Sand* (1880, second edition, with memoir, 1883). His universal kindness to students, and cordial appreciation of all good work, must also not pass without a word of notice.

Col. Yule was not a greatly decorated man. On retiring from official work in the middle of last year he accepted a K.C.S.I. The university of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., on the occasion of its centenary festival in 1884; and he was honorary member of many foreign geographical societies. But the distinction he most prized was that of corresponding member of the French Institute.

His works will long keep his name green; and it will never pass from the memory of those who were once privileged to feel the charm of his manner and to observe his simple character and devotion to duty.

J. S. C.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The *Expositor* for January is a more completely popular number than some which we have noticed. The opening article, however, has no doubt a value quite independent of its admirable popular effectiveness, being obviously one of the latest products of a brain which has just ceased to work for the good of the Church and of scholarship—Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham. Strictly speaking, indeed, the essay on the "Internal Evidence for the Authenticity and Genuineness of St. John's Gospel," the first part of which is printed in this number, is a monument of Dr. Lightfoot's Cambridge period. It was originally delivered as one of a series of lectures on Christian evidences in 1871. But it is now re-published with its author's deliberate re-indorsement; in fact, since the essay deals with the internal evidence, "the treatment suffers less than it would otherwise have done from not being brought down to date." We must not, however, even in the first moments of poignant regret, suffer ourselves to overrate the value of what is, after all, but a slight contribution to a problem which few professed critics, whatever their own bias may be, would venture to regard as finally solved. It sums up the results of a singularly vigorous and independent mind; but while so many able critics remain unconvinced, it is clear that the pupils of Lightfoot and Westcott in England, and of Weiss in Germany, have still much work cut out for them. Prof. Beet enters upon an objective grammatical examination of the New Testament statements on the future punishment of sin. Principal Dykes comments upon the narrative in John vii. 11-29, and Dr. Samuel Cox gives a lucid introductory paper on James and his Epistle. Mr. D'Arcy (a new name in theology) writes upon Micaiah's Vision, which he thinks supplies an index for discriminating between the divine and the human element in prophecy. Prof. Cheyne contributes a popular study of the moral and mental position of the authors of Psalms xxvi. and xxviii., from his own critical and exegetical

standpoint. Mr. Robertson, Principal of Hatfield Hall, Durham, gives a very useful account of Arnold's German work on the Neronian persecution, and Mr. Carr makes a shrewd suggestion on John vi. 5-7.

WITH the December number, *Le Livre*—a periodical which has for ten years maintained not only the issue of very good and interesting original articles, but also (which seems to be more difficult in France) a careful *compte-rendu* of contemporary literature—comes to an end. It is true that it does not so much die as suffer a land-change into *Le Livre Moderne*, a smaller and daintier paper, which is going to turn its back on the past and be rigorously "actual." We drop the tear both over the old *Livre* and the old literature which (heresy as it is nowadays) we like much the best. But M. Uzanne will certainly give us a pretty periodical, and most probably a useful one. Meanwhile, the old *Livre* goes down gallantly, with drums beating and colours flying, in the shape of a mirific "Conte pour les Bibliophiles" about "Les Romantiques Inconnus," written by M. Uzanne himself, and illustrated excellently by M. Robida. These "Romantiques Inconnus," both titles and frontispieces, are what you can recommend to a friend; and the soul of "le doux Asselineau" must long to be at them, if indeed it is not furnished with copies already in a better world. Some of them might be hard to come at in this.

FRAGMENTS OF YORKSHIRE MYSTERIES.

(From the *Shrewsbury MS.*; see *ACADEMY*, January 4, 1890.)

SCENE I.—THE ANGELS AND THE SHEPHERDS.

PASTORES erant in regione eadem uigilantes & custodientes gregem suum. Et ecce angelus domini astitit iuxta illos & timuerunt timore magno. [Luke ii. 8, 9; written in red.]

*Tertius pastor.**

[ii. Pas.] We! tib!

iii. Pas. Telle on!

[ii. Pas.] be nyght.

iii. Pas. ¶ Brether, what may þis be þus bright to man & best?

[ii. Pas.] at hand.

iii. Pas. ¶ Whi say 3e so?

[ii. Pas.] warand.

iii. Pas. ¶ Suche sijt was neuer seue before in oure Iewery;

Sum merueles wil hit mene,

þat man be here In hy.

[ii. Pas.] a sang:

iii. Pas. ¶ 3e lye bothe, by þis list, and raues as recheles royes;

hit was an angel brijt

þat made þis nobulle noyes.

[ii. Pas.] of prophecy.

iii. Pas. ¶ he said, a barn schuld be

In þe burgh of bedlem born;

And of þis, mynnes me,

Oure fadres fond be-forn.

[ii. Pas.] Iewus kyng.

iii. Pas. ¶ Now may we se þe same

euen in oure pase puruayed;

þe angel nemed his name,

"Crist saueour" he said.

[ii. Pas.] not raue.

iii. Pas. ¶ 3one brightnes wil vs bring

vnto þat blisful bour;

For solace echal we syng

To seke oure saueour.

* Written "iijus pastor" in the MS. All the parts given in full belong to the *Third Shepherd*, whom I denote by "iii. Pas." Of the other parts, only the catch-words are given; and there is no clue to the speakers. I insert "ii. Pas.," &c., by conjecture. Note that "We" is an interjection, and "Tib" is a name. See *York Mysteries* for explanations.

Transeamus usque bethalem. Et uideamus hoc verbum quod factum est quod fecit dominus & ostendit nobis. [This versicle is noted for voices: from Luke ii. 15.]

[ii. Pas.] to knowe.
iii. Pas. For no-thing thar vs drede,
But thank god of alle gode;
his light euer wil vs lede
To fynde þat frely fode.
[ii. Pas. Now wat 3e what] I mene.*
iii. Pas. ¶ A! loke to me, my lord dere,
alle if I put me noght in prese,
To suche a prince with-out[en] pere
haue I no presand þat may please.
¶ But lo, a horn-spone haue I here
þat may herbar an hundrith pese;
his gift I gif þe with gode chere;
suche dayntese wil do no diseese.
¶ Fare wele now, swete awayn,
God graunt þe lifyng lang!
[i. Pas. And go we hame agayn,
And mak mirth as we gang.] †

SCENE II.—THE THREE MARIAS AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Hic incipit officium Resurreccionis in die pasche [in red].

Tertia Maria [MS iij. ma.]

Heu redemptio israel: ut quid mortem sustinuit [in red].

[ii. Maria.] payne.
iii. Maria. Allas! he þat men wend schuld by
Alle israel, bothe knyght & knaue,
Why suffred he so forto dy
Sithe he may alle sekenes saue?
Heu, cur ligno fixus clausi:
fuit doctor tam suauis?
Heu, cur fuit ille natus:
qui perfodit eius latus?
[ii. Maria.] is oght.
iii. Maria. Allas! þat we suche bale schuld bide
þat sodayn sight so forto see!
þe best techer in world wide
with nayles be tached to a tre!
¶ Allas! þat euer so schuld be-tyde
Or þat so bold mon born schuld be
For to assay oure saueour side
And open hit with-oute pite.
Iam iam ecce. Iam properemus ad tumulum
ingentes dilecti corpus sanctissimum [noted for voices].
Et appropriantes sepulcro cantent [in red].
O deus, quis reuoluet nobis lapidem ab hostio
monumenti [noted for voices; from Mark xvi. 3].
[ii. Maria.] him leid.
iii. Maria. he þat þus kyndely vs has kend
vn-to þe hole where he was hid,
Sum socours sone he wil vs send,
at help to lift away þis lid.
¶ Alleluia schal be oure song,
Sithen crist oure lord, by angelus steuen,
Schewus him as mon here vs among
and is goddis son, heghest in heuen.

[A red line here]

[ii. Maria.] was gon.
[Angelus.] Surrexit christus spes nostra: pre-
codet vos in galileam [in red; cf. Matt. xxviii. 7].
iii. Maria. "Crist is rysen," wittenes we,
by tokenes þat we haue sen þis morn;
Oure hope, oure help, oure hele is he,
And hase bene best, sithe we were born.
¶ If we wil seke him for to se,
lettes noght þis lesson be for-lorn,
"But gese eues vn-to galilee,
þere schal 3e fynd him 3ow befor."

[A red line here.]

* The words "now wat ye what" are supplied from the *York Mysteries* xv. 119. Before the next line there is a star, which star refers to some lines in a later hand, which were to be sung here, viz., Saluatorem christum dominum, infantem pannis inuolutum, secundum sermonem angelicam.

† I supply these two lines from the *York Mysteries*, and assign them to the First Shepherd instead of to the Third, because the MS. has here two blank lines, showing that the Third Shepherd did not speak them.

SCENE III.—THE TWO DISCIPLES GOING TO EMMAUS.

Feria secunda in ebdomada pasche discipuli in simul cantent [in red].

[Chorus.] Infidelis incursum populi fugiamus
ihesum [ihesu?] discipuli; suspenderunt ihesum
patibulo; nulli parcent eius discipulo [noted for voices].

[A red line here.]

[A Disciple.] fast to fle.
Cleophas.* But if we fle, þai wil vs fang,
And ful felly þai wil vs flay;
Agayn to Emause wil we gang
And fonde to get þe gaynest way.
¶ And make in mynd euer vs amang
Of oure gode maister as we may,
how he was put to paynes strang;
On þat he tristed con him be-tray.

[A red line here. Probably Jesus enters here.]

[Jesus.] but agayn.
Cleophas. ¶ By wymmen wordis wele wit may we,
Christ is risen vp in gode aray;
For to oure-self þe sothe say[d] he,
Where we went in þis world away,
þat he schuld dye & doluen be,
And rise fro þe dethe þe thrid day;
And þat we myȝt þat sijt now se
he wise vs, lord, as he wele may.
[Jesus?] resoun riȝt.
Et quoniam tradiderunt eum summi sacerdotes &
principes nostri in dampnatione[m] mortis & cruci-
fixerunt eum [in red; from Luke xxiv. 20].

Cleophas. Right is þat we reherce by raw
þe maters þat we may on mene,
þow prestis & princes of oure lawe
Ful tenely toke him, hom be-twen,
And dampned him with-oute awe
For to be dede with dele be-dene;
þai crucified him, wele we know,
at caluary with caris kene.
Dixerunt etiam se visionem angelorum uidisse: qui
dicunt eum viuere [Luke xxiv. 23].
[Jesus.] wraist.
Cleophas. þe wymmen gret, for he was gon,
But 3et þai told of meruales mo;
þai saw angelus stondyng on þe ston,
And sayn how he was farned hom fro.
¶ Sithen of oures went ful gode wone
To se þat sight, & said riȝt so;
Herfore we murne & makis þis mon,
Now wot þou wele of alle oure wo.

[Luke?] in pese.
Mane nobiscum quoniam advesperascit, et inclina
ta est iam dies. Alleluia.

[Noted for voices; from Luke xxiv. 29]

[Jesus.] wight.
¶ Amend oure mourning, maister dere,
And fonde oure freylnes for to felle;
Herk, broþer, help to hold him here,
Ful nobel talis wil he vs telle.
[Luke?] lent.
Cleophas. ¶ And gode wyne schal vs wont non
For þer-to schal I take entent
[Luke.] he went.
Cleophas. ¶ Went he is, & we ne wot how,
For here is noght left in his sted; †
Allas, where were oure wittis now,
With we now walk we, wil of red.

[Luke.] [he brak] oure bred.
Cleophas. ¶ Oure bred he brak & blessed hit;
On mold were neuer so mased men,
When þat we saw him by vs sit,
þat we couthe noght consayue him þen.

[Luke.] ay.
Quid agamus uel dicamus, ignorantes quo eamus,
qui doctorem sciencie et patrem consolacionis
amisimus? [noted for voices].
[Luke.] gode state.
Cleophas. ¶ We schal hom telle, with-oute trayn,
Bothe word & werk, how hit was;
I se hom sitt samyn in a playn,
Forthe in apert dar I not pas.

[A red line here. Cleophas and Luke join the other disciples.]

* The name is not given, but it must be Cleophas. The "other disciple" on the journey was (traditionally) Luke, who was not one of the twelve.

† Catchword—how prestis.

‡ MS. stid.

[Luke?] & wife.
Cleophas. ¶ We saw him holle, hide & hewe,
þerfore be still, & stint 3oure strife;
þat hit was crist ful wele we knewe,
He cutt oure bred with-oute knyfe.
Gloria tibi, domine, qui surrexisti a mortuis, cum
patre & sancto spiritu in sempiterna secula. Amen
[noted for voices].

SCENE IV.—THE INCREDULITY OF THOMAS.

[No break in the MS.]

Cleophas (sings in chorus). Frater Thoma, causa
tristitie, nobis tulit summa leticie [end of scene].

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

CAIET, A. Les origines de la troisième République.
Etude et documents historiques. Paris: Savine.
3 fr. 50 c.
GURDY, Th. Musées de France et collections particu-
lières. Paris: Jorel. 5 fr.
TROYE, V. Thomas Carlyle, hans liv og hans værk.
Bergen: Hiertsen. 5 kr.

HISTORY, ETC.

CONSTANTINOPLÉ, ancien plan de, imprimé entre 1566 et
1574. Avec notes explicatives par Caedicius.
Constantinople: Lorentz. 3 fr.
ERDMANN, A. Schützenwesen u. Schützenfeste der
deutschen Städte vom XIII. bis zum XVIII.
Jahrh. München: Pohl. 6 M.
KEEBS, J. Hans Ulrich Freiherr v. Schafigotsch. Ein
Lebensbild aus der Zeit d. 30jähr. Krieger.
Breslau: Korn. 5 M.
MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. Legum Tom. V.
Fasc. III. Hannover: Hahn. 10 M.
UBBELOHDE, A. Die Interdicte d. römischen Rechtes.
1. Thl. Erlangen: Palm. 12 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

ARBEITEN aus dem Zoologischen Institute der Uni-
versität Wien u. der zoologischen Station in Triest.
Hrsg. v. C. Claus. Tom. VIII. 3. Hft. Wien:
Hölder. 21 M. 60 Pf.
BUSCHBAUM, C. Untersuchungen ü. die Bahn d.
Kometen 1883 IX. (Barnard-Hartwig). Göttingen:
Vandenhoeck. 2 M. 40 Pf.
OLAUS, C. Ueb. neue od. wenig bekannte halb-
parasitische Copepoden. Wien: Hölder. 16 M.
GEYER, G. Ueb. die klassischen Brachiopoden d. Hier-
satz bei Halstatt. Wien: Hölder. 24 M.
NIEHRING, A. Ueb. Sus. Celebensis u. Verwandte.
Berlin: Friedländer. 8 M.
PINTNER, Th. Neue Untersuchungen ü. den Bau d.
Bandwurmkörpers. I. Zur Kenntnis der Gattung
Echinobothrium. Wien: Hölder. 8 M.
STACHE, G. Die liburnische Stufe u. deren Grenz-
Horizonte. 1. Hft. 1. Abth. Wien: Hölder.
34 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BUGGE, S. Beiträge zur etymologischen Erläuterung
der armenischen Sprache. Christiania: Dybwad.
1 kr.
ERMAN, A. Die Sprache d. Papyrus Westcar. Eine
Vorarbeit zur Grammatik der älteren ägypt.
Sprache. Göttingen: Dieterich. 18 M.
GREFCKEN, J. De Stephano Byzantio. Göttingen:
Dieterich. 2 M.
KNUDZON, J. A. Om det saakaldte perfektum og
imperfektum in hebraisk. Christiania: Aschehoug.
4 kr.
SCHERER, L. De Telephoro deo. Göttingen: Vanden-
hoeck. 1 M. 40 Pf.
SCHÜTZ, H. Sophokleische Studien. Kritisch-exe-
getische Untersuchungen der schwierigeren Stellen
in den Tragödien d. Sophokles. Potsdam: Stein.
6 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SIXTH CENTENARY OF DANTE'S BEATRICE.
16 Montagu Street, Portman Square: Jan. 4, 1890.

Count Angelo De Gubernatis has just elaborated a plan for a new exhibition which cannot fail to add a fresh attraction to Florence this spring.

In 1865 Florence celebrated the sixth centenary of the birth of Dante. In April—June, 1890, she will celebrate the sixth centenary of the death of Beatrice.

Count De Gubernatis's plan is to treat the Beatrice of the *Divina Commedia* and the *Vita Nuova* as a type of modern womanhood in general and Italian womanhood in particular. From the starting-point that she was the *ispiratrice sublime* of one of the greatest poets—in herself a model among women of their highest attainments in beauty, purity, and sagacity; chosen by Dante to be his guide

through the empyrean flights of his loftiest beliefs and most daring fancy—he traces out in her personality the norma on which the true *risorgimento della donna* should be based.

Hence the first item of his programme consists in a series of prize essays by Italian women on the chief points of contact between real and ideal womanhood. Such as—"La Donna italiana nel Trecento," "La Donna italiana nel Rinascimento," "La Donna italiana nel Settecento," "Le Pittrici," "Le Novellatrici," "Le Scultrici," "Le Poetesse," "Le Educatrici," "Le Scienziate," "Le Operaie," "Le Eroine," "Il Tipo fisico della Donna italiana," "La Donna italiana in famiglia," and "La Donna ispiratrice."

The proposed exhibition will embrace all objects in producing or encouraging the creation of which women have had a special part—painting, illuminating, tapestry, sculpture, engraving, literature, needlework, embroidery, jewels, personal ornaments, objects connected with education, domestic hygiene, and various industries.

It will be enlivened with *tableaux vivants*—in arranging which Italians are proficient above others—of scenes illustrating the *Vita Nuova*. Musical displays of course there will be in great variety. Also the exceedingly interesting and, to most Englishmen, novel performance of *Calendimaggi* in costume, with May-songs sung by peasants selected from among those who still retain something of their now too rare poetical afflatus. Effects of Italian scenery and costume will heighten the picturesqueness and gracefulness of the ensemble.

Local committees have been formed in all "the hundred cities of Italy" to garner in collections of every kind which may tend to render the exhibition complete and nationally representative.

As I have been asked by Count De Gubernatis to bring his idea to the knowledge of English people who love Italy—and who among us does not?—may I beg the favour of your insertion of this letter in the ACADEMY as one most important means of bidding them to the feast, and perhaps also of obtaining some valuable, though necessarily rare, co-operation also?

R. H. BUSK.

MIDDLE ENGLISH NOTES.

London: Jan. 3, 1890.

I do not know whether anyone has pointed out the existence in Middle English of the interesting word *tramountayne*, meaning the North Pole star (O.F. *tramontaine*, Med. Lat. *transmontana*). It occurs in the *Early English Alliterative Poems* edited by Dr. Morris in 1864, but is there printed in two words, *tra* being explained in the glossary as "high." The passage (B 211) represents Lucifer as saying "I schal telde up my trone in the tramountayne." The obvious correction, which certainly adds greatly to the poetical beauty of the line, may very likely have been made before, but I have not met with it. I should be glad to know whether the word has been found elsewhere in Middle English.

The word *steem*, in Robert of Brunne's reference to the poem of Thomas of Erildoune ("over gestes it has the steem"), has, I think, usually been identified with "esteem." It seems to be a form of *stevne* (cf. *een* for *even*), voice, vote.

No plausible etymology has, so far as I know, been suggested for the word *olprance*, ostentation, pomp, occurring in the *Alliterative Poems*, in Robert of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, and in the Scottish poem of *Peebles to the Play*. It is also given in the Northamptonshire glossaries as being still current in the dialect of that county. I would suggest, with some diffi-

dence, that it may represent an Old French *oltriance*, from the proper name Olybrius, which has given rise in French to other derivatives of cognate meaning. The Anglo-French original of the *Handlyng Synne* has *olprance*, but this can scarcely be other than a corrupt form.

Notwithstanding the high authority of Prof. Skeat, I am strongly convinced that *ragman*, in *ragman-roll* (whence *rigmarole*), has no connexion with the Icelandic *ragmenn*, "craven." For one thing, I think *ragmenn*, if adopted into English, would have been spelt with *z* or *w*, not with *g*. For another thing, the sense "craven" receives no support from any of the recorded uses of the word; and the meaning of "ragman-roll" may be accounted for in another way. In my childish days, the "ragman" or itinerant rag-collector (in Derbyshire villages) seldom made any payments in money, but gave sweetmeats or small wares in exchange for rags. It is not a very unlikely supposition that in the thirteenth and succeeding centuries he may have carried with him a fortune-telling roll with strings, similar to that used in the often-described children's game of "ragman-roll." Hence the use of "ragman-roll" as a contemptuous name for a document with many seals, such as a papal bull; and in this sense it was applied by the Scots to the deeds of allegiance to Edward I. Langland's application of the word *ragman* to "the first deceiver of mankind" seems to me to occasion no difficulty.

The common explanation of the word *tryst*, "a station in hunting," "a rendezvous," regards it as a form of *trust*. This is not perfectly satisfactory with regard to the sense; but a more formidable objection is that it does not account for the very frequent form *tristre* or *tristur*. What the true etymology may be I cannot conjecture; but it is worth while to remark that Du Cange gives an example of the mediaeval Latin *tristra* in this sense, taken from a document apparently belonging to the neighbourhood of Lyons.

HENRY BRADLEY.

AN IRISH MERMAID.

Gateacre, Liverpool: Jan. 6, 1890.

I notice Mr. Axon's query of October 5 in looking over some back numbers of the ACADEMY. An explanation, in part at least, of this curious entry in the *Chronicon Scotorum* is obtained by a reference to the *Aided Echach mic Máireda*, a tale in "Lebor na h-Uidhre" (39a), of which an edition (unfortunately unknown to me) appeared in the *Journal* of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Society of Ireland for January 1870. The tale shows how Eochaidh mac Máireda was drowned by the magic outflow of Loch n Echach (Lough Neagh) or Lake of Eochaidh, and how his daughter Liban resided in her Grianan at the bottom of the sea for three hundred years. A sentence very interesting for our present purpose is at 39b, line 3, from bottom:

"Conid si fein noinnis aimmthochta do beóan mae innli diaraigaib hi ina linaib."

"And she herself relates her wanderings to Beóan son of Innle through his having taken her in his nets."

And the poem she recited on the occasion appropriately follows. At the end of this poem (h. na H., 40b 5) we have:

"Dorated dæ aism do liban iarnabaisted (leg. *baited*) i. murgén i. geln mara."

"And a name was given to Liban at her baptism, to wit, Murgén, i.e., a being of the sea."

On the first column of the succeeding page we are told how Beóan prevails upon the mermaid to be captured in order to relate her story to St. Comgall and the clerics of Bangor. The

Aided finishes with due solemnity; but one sentence will suffice us here (h. na H., 41b top): "Robaist comgall hi 7 isse aism dorat di muirgein i. geln in mara, no muirgeilt i. geln in mara." "Comgall baptised her, and this is the name he gave to her, Murgén, i.e., being of the sea. Or Muirgeilt, i.e., wild-maid of the sea."

JAMES QUINN.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Jan. 12, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "National Life and Thought in Servia and Montenegro," by Mr. J. G. Cotton Minchin.

MONDAY, Jan. 13, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Lower Limb," I, by Prof. J. Marshall.

5 p.m. London Institution: "University Education in London," by Sir Philip Magnus.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Old Masters' Exhibition of 1890," III, by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

TUESDAY, Jan. 14, 8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: Anniversary Meeting; Election of Council and Officers.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Hongkong and its Trade Connexions," by Mr. W. Keswick.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A New Species of Otter from the Lower Pliocene of Eppelsheim," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "A Complete List of the Sphingids and Bombyces known to occur on the Nilgiri Hills of Southern India, with Descriptions of new Species," by Mr. G. F. Hampson; "Some Cranial and Dental Characters of the Domestic Dog," by Prof. Bertram C. A. Windle and Mr. John Humphreys; "The Herpetology of the Solomon Islands," IV, by Mr. G. A. Boulenger.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Recent Dock Extensions at Liverpool," by Mr. George Fosbery Lyster.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15, 4 p.m. Royal Institution: Demonstration, "The Lower Limb," II, by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Discussion, "London Sewerage and Sewage," by Sir Robert Rawlinson.

THURSDAY, Jan. 16, 3 p.m. London Institution: "The Sugar Islands of the West," by Mr. D. Morris.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Old Masters' Exhibition of 1890," IV, by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Life History of a remarkable Uredine on *Jasminum Grandiflora*," by Mr. A. Barclay; "Certain Protective Provisions in some Larval British Teleostean," by Mr. E. Prince.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17, 11 a.m. Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching: General Meeting, Presidential Address by Prof. Minchin.

4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Lower Limb," III, by Prof. J. Marshall.

5 p.m. Society of Arts: "The India-Office Records," by Mr. F. O. Danvers.

5 p.m. Physical: "A Carbon Deposit in a Blake Telephone Transmitter," by Mr. F. B. Hawes; "Electric Splashes," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "Galvanometers," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton, Mr. T. Mather, and Mr. W. E. Sumpner.

SCIENCE.

LEIST'S EARLY ARYAN LAW.

Alt-Arischen Jus Gentium. Von Dr. B. W. Leist. (Jena.)

Jus gentium, according to the Roman legists, means the laws which all men agree in observing. By the *jus gentium* of the early Aryans Prof. Leist means the laws which were common to the ancient Indians on the one side, and to their kinsmen in ancient Greece and Italy on the other. That there did exist such an original community of customs and institutions between races afterwards so widely separated, and that traces of it may be discovered in their later written legislation, seems to be proved, although there are differences of opinion as to how far it extends. From some expressions let fall by the author one gathers that the comparative method, as used to ascertain the historical evolution of jurisprudence, is still unfamiliar in Germany—less familiar, at any rate, than in England and France, where it has long been popularised by the brilliant researches of Sir H. Maine and M. Fustel de Coulanges. Prof. Leist's work has neither the literary charm and interest of *Ancient Law* and its successors, nor the classic polish and lucid concision of *La Cité Antique*. A more

skilful or a more painstaking writer would have reduced the volume to half or a third of its present bulk, and increased its usefulness inversely in the same proportion. On the other hand, the thoroughgoing, though clumsy, method of the German secures advantages that are wanting to the too rigid systematisation of the French historian and to the disconnected, not to say chaotic, *aperçus* of the English jurist.

In studying early Greek law, or, rather, those immemorially binding and sacred customs which preceded positive legal enactment, and which the Greeks called Themis, Prof. Leist draws largely on the indications furnished by Homer, Aeschylus, and Plato's *Laws*—a circumstance that should make his work interesting to every Hellenist. For the Italian equivalent of Themis, which is Fas, he goes, of course, to the rich literature of Roman jurisprudence. Precisely the same notion he tells us is represented by the Sanskrit word Dharma, and what this covered must be learned from the sacred books of the Hindus. The author is not himself a Sanskrit scholar; but his deficiencies in this respect were, as he informs us, made good by the co-operation of his friend Delbrück. For the rest, Indian law is here studied, not for its own sake, but for the light that it may be supposed to shed on the corresponding Greek and Roman institutions. By the aid of this method we are enabled to put in its proper place whatever is isolated and fragmentary in the traditions relating to those institutions. It would have singularly facilitated the reviewer's task had Prof. Leist briefly recapitulated the chief results which he claims to have established. I can now only mention those by which I have myself been most impressed.

Former writers have dwelt on the importance of kinship, real or supposed, as the sole bond of union in early Aryan societies, each family exercising a repellent influence on the rest of mankind. Our author shows from Hindu and Greek sources that hospitality to strangers and suppliants was one of the primary duties of the Aryan householder, whose humanity in this respect he rather bitterly contrasts with the treatment now meted out to German travellers in France. Within the family itself he dwells much on the dignified position of the wife, who appears in his pages as almost her husband's equal. The Roman *patria potestas*, which placed her in the position of a daughter, he describes as a later transformation or deformation of the primitive conjugal relations. On the other hand, he repeatedly insists on the entire absence of any evidence tending to show that the so-called "Mutterrecht" or matriarchate—in other words, the supremacy of the mother—ever prevailed in Aryan households. Here he finds himself in opposition to his "old friend Bachofen," to whom Prof. Karl Pearson recently referred, with characteristic dogmatism, as having proved his case. The whole question ought to interest English newspaper readers, as to it they are partly indebted for the correspondence which raged little more than a year ago in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* on the problem, "Is Marriage a Failure?" It is true that of those who took part in the controversy probably not one in a thousand had ever heard of Bachofen;

nevertheless, its connexion with his speculations may be traced through a very few links. For the whole discussion was avowedly provoked by Mrs. Mona Caird's famous article in the *Westminster Review*. This was based on Prof. Karl Pearson's *Ethic of Freethought*, which, again, in the historical part of the chapters on the sex-relations repeats the views of Bachofen and his school. As regards the historical question, Prof. Leist's opinion must, from his intimate acquaintance with the evidence, carry great weight; but, in describing Bachofen's assertion that the Erinyes belonged not to both parents, but to the mother only, as "entirely foreign to Graeco-Italian antiquity" (p. 227), he seems to forget that, according to the *Odyssey* (Book xi. 280), Oedipus was pursued by the Erinyes of Epicaste only, not of Laius, although it was the latter, not the former, whom he had slain.

The pages in which Prof. Leist traces the process by which murder came to be regarded as a crime seem to me the most important and original part of his work. To the early Aryans the slaying of father or mother was at first the only inextinguishable form of homicide. The death of any other fellow-creature might be justified by the exigencies of self-defence; the pollution incurred might be washed out by ceremonial purifications; the vengeance of kinsmen might be averted by payment of damages. In the case of a parent no excuse was admissible, no atonement possible. But neither could the community interfere to exact retribution in this any more than in any other blood-feud. Apparently the guilty son, as nearest of kin to the deceased, was expected to punish himself by a cruel death if he would escape from a worse fate in the next world. But in time cases presented themselves of which the story of Orestes is a type—cases in which the slaying of a parent seemed not only justifiable, but obligatory. Then the law-courts would intervene to decide on the validity of the accused person's plea, thus drawing all cases of parenticide within their jurisdiction. We know from the famous trial represented on the shield of Achilles that ordinary homicides might indirectly be brought under the cognizance of a public tribunal by its arbitration being invoked on the side issue of whether damages had or had not been paid to the kinsmen of the deceased. Thus two separate lines of development led up to the creation of a criminal judicature. And to these, according to Prof. Leist, must be added a process of generalisation by which the notion of parenticide was so extended as to embrace every species of unjustifiable homicide. Only in Greece and Italy the mode of generalisation was different from what it was in India, and the difference is characteristic. In the West the notion of sanctity as attaching to human life spread through the various degrees of blood relationship until it embraced all citizens; whereas in India, under sacerdotal influence, it was extended from the father to the teacher, from the teacher to any man of learning, from the learned to the whole Brahmin caste (p. 323).

The Hindu mind has, Prof. Leist tells us, never outgrown that stage of jural evolution represented by the notion of Dharma, Themis, or Fas. It has never learned to look on law

as a creation of the common will acting for the common weal. And this is because Hindu society did not pass through the indispensable stage of the Polis, or city-state, but remained in the rudimentary form of village-communities, aggregated into great military monarchies, "probably under Semitic influence," on whose governments the village folk looked with distrust and dislike (p. 354).

Prof. Leist disclaims the name of comparative jurisprudence for his science, otherwise I should have cited these profound and striking ideas as luminous examples of what such a science may teach.

ALFRED W. BENN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME OLD AND PROVINCIAL PLANT-NAMES.

Carlisle: Dec. 23, 1889.

I have for a decade past been occupied during my leisure hours in the study of this subject, and have accumulated a considerable store of material. The object of these notes is to throw some light on names found in the works of Earle, Prior, Britten and Holland, and other students of plant-names.

POD-THISTLE is given in the Northamptonshire Glossaries as the name of the stemless thistle (*Carduus acaulis*, L.). Mr. Britten takes exception to this, and suggests that some other species is intended—why I know not. The Glossaries are right; for when I resided in Northamptonshire the people at Brackley (where *C. acaulis* grows plentifully) always spoke of the stemless thistle as the "pod-thistle." It may be derived from (1) a broad or open pronunciation of the word *pad*, a path (A.S. *pað* and *pað*), like poppy from *papig* (*Papaver*), and so be the equivalent of the German *Wegdistel*—the thistle of the path or wayside; or (2) *pod* may be the provincial term applied to what is bulging or protuberant (like a pot), and thus refer to the large, swollen or pot-shaped flower-heads.

BEDAGRAGE is given by Earle (*vide Wright*) in a trilingual vocabulary of plant-names belonging to the thirteenth century. It stands without note or comment thus: "*Bedagrage, Spina alba, wit born*" (*English Plant-Names*, p. 48). The glosses are clear enough, and we still retain the name "whitethorn" as the local equivalent of hawthorn (*Crataegus Oxyacantha*, L.) in Sussex, Devonshire, and elsewhere. No one, not even the ingenious Prior, though he wrote an explanation of Albespyne, has attempted, so far as I know, to throw light on the foregoing collocation, or on the meaning of Bedagrage. Mr. Mowat's note on Bedegar (*Sinonoma Bartholomae*, p. 12) includes the foregoing gloss, and a reference to Ray (1677), who in turn quotes Lobelius; but all their ideas are centered on the curious growth on the rose caused by an insect, and no light is afforded us respecting the connexion between "Bedagrage" and *Spina alba*. We must go back to the period which lies between the appearance of the trilingual glossary and that of Gerard's *Herbal* to find a clue. Fuchs tells us, for example, that the lady's thistle (*Carduus Marianus*, L.) is called *Spina alba*, whereon another old writer remarks:

Fuchsius *Spinæ albae* unum genus, putat *Cardium illum Beatae Mariae*. Italis herba del lacte [cp. our *Milk Thistle*], quam alii *Leucacanthum* Diosc. putant, &c. *Cardus Sanctae Mariae*.

Our next quotation solves the difficulty, and, as John Bauhin has indicated, shows how confusion was introduced. Eucharius (A.D. 1533) has:

Bedegar, *Spina alba*, *Carduus S. mariae*, labrum Veneris, Chamaeleon, Mergen [i.e., *Marien*] distel,

Schedistel [=sea-thistle, *Eryngium maritimum*, L., and *Crithmum maritimum*, L., have both borne this name]. Unser Frauen distel.

Thus we see that "Bedegar" was glossed by *Spina alba* and *Spina alba* by "whitethorn." From Camerarius (*In Horto*, p. 35) we learn that the Arabic term was *Bogdaguar* (see, Bauhin, *De Plantis*, pp. 50-53). If now we turn to Gerard we find some further confirmation of our position:

"The spongie balls which are found upon the branches [of the rose] are most aptly and properly called *Spongiolas sylvestris Rosae*, the little sponges of the wilde rose. The shops mistake it by the name of *Bedegar*; for *Bedegar* among the Arabians is a kind of thistle, which is called in Greeke *Ἀκανθα λεῖκα*—that is to say, *Spina alba* the white thistle, not the white thorne, though the word doe import so much" (Ger. *Emac.*, 1271).

It is curious that Mr. Mowat (*Alphita*, p. 22) does not seem to see how this quotation (part only of which he gives) explains the trilingual gloss which he copied in *Sinonoma Barth.* (p. 12). We have now to ask: What is *Bedegar*, *Bedagrage*, or *Bogdegwar*? I have never seen any attempted etymology; but I think there is little difficulty about it when we remember that it is not a spongy mass, but a sharp, spinous plant which is referred to. In the Semitic languages we have a root *dāquar*, *dākar*, or *dekar*, meaning "to stab," "pierce," "bore through" (with which we may compare the word "dagger" and its cognates, though etymologically distinct perhaps). From this root we obtain in Hebrew the names *Deker* or *Bendeker* (1 Kings iv. 9) and *Bidegar* or *Bidkar* (2 Kings ix. 25), "the stabber." We may, therefore, conclude that "Bedegar" is the plant which pricks, and thus corresponds with *Spina alba* and whitethorn.

CAMEL'S STRAW.—This name is given by Britten as occurring in Lyte's Herbal for the common rush (*Juncus communis*, Mey.). No explanation is offered, but it is well known that Lyte frequently perpetuates old German and other foreign terms. Now, in Ruellius's edition of Dioscorides (1543) we read:

"Odoratus juncus in Africa & Arabia nascitur. *Σχοινος* (*Schoenus*) Graecis dicitur [including all the species]. Juncus odoratus et rotundus Latinis. Camelsheaw ["Camels hew" in the index] Germanis, Gallis pasture de chamealux ["chameaulx" in the index], hoc est, pastum Camelorum nominatur."

We thus see that the name "camel's hay" or "food" was given to some species of rush, and hence its retention by Lyte.

SISTRA.—Prior gives this name from the Grete Herbal, but offers no explanation. "Sistra is dyll, some call it Men, but that is not so." Britten is incorrect therefore in saying that Turner invented the name Men. Turner himself asserts that it already bore that name among the apothecaries. What then is *Sistra*? Ruellius (1593, i.e., five years before Turner's *Names of Herbes*) says:

"Graecis *Μένον*, *Μέν* seu *Μέν* Latinis, Germanis *Eberwurts*, Gallis vulgo *Feniculus tortuosus* dicitur; apud Allobroges montanos, *Citrach*."

We thus infer that *Sistra* is the same as *Citrach*. Now it seems from the Grete Herbal that *Sistra* or *Citrach* had been confused with *Meum*, and we therefore have to ask what this plant could be. In *Alphita* we read (p. 39) "Citrach herba est similis capillo veneris sed habet folia longiora." On this Mr. Mowat remarks: "Matth. Silv. c. clix, Ceterach id est Citrac." Thus the fern *Ceterach* had been confused with the umbels "dyll" and *Meum*. The name has undergone many changes in orthography—*Sistra*, *Citrach*, *Citrac*, *Citrat*, *Ceterach*—but it is the same word throughout. We can now come back to Prior, who says "Ceterach, according to Du Cange, is from an Arabic word." We thus eventually revert to

a Semitic root *Châtsir* (or *Khadîra*, Arabic, cf. Fuerst's *Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon*), meaning to be green, sprout forth, or blossom, whence *Châtsir*, grass and herbs, with which we may further compare the words derived from the softened root *zâhar*.

Further examples must be reserved for another occasion.

HILDERIC FRIEND.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE general meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching will be held at University College, Gower-street, on Friday next, January 17. At the morning sitting (11 a.m.), the reports of the council and committees will be presented, and new officers and members will be elected. At the afternoon sitting (2 p.m.), the following papers will be read: "A New Treatment of the Hyperbola," by the Rev. Dr. C. Taylor; "The Teaching of Trigonometry," by Mr. G. Heppel; "Some Geometrical Theorems," by Mr. E. M. Langley; and "Statics and Geometry," by the president, Prof. Minchin.

THE seventy-second anniversary of the Institution of Civil Engineers occurred on Thursday last week, when a revised list of the members of all classes showed that the numbers now on the books amounted to 5804, representing an increase of more than three per cent. in the past twelve months.

THE *Journal of Microscopy* has been greatly enlarged, owing to its amalgamation with the *Wesley Naturalist*, which has for the past three years been the recognised organ of the Wesley Scientific Society. The current issue contains a paper on "Sea Urchins," by Mr. Swainson, and another on "the Romance of Science," by the Rev. Hilderic Friend.

THE Geological Society of France has decided to issue a new quarterly publication to be entitled *Mémoires de Paléontologie*. Arrangements have already been made for the appearance of several important memoirs, mostly on the fossils of special localities.

UNDER the title of *L'Anthropologie*, a new French serial will be published at intervals of two months. This will take the place of the three publications known as the *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme*, *Revue d'Ethnographie*, and *Revue d'Anthropologie*. The new work will be conducted by the editors of the three defunct journals, viz., M. Cartailhac, Dr. Hamy, and Prof. Topinard.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

M. J. B. ISTAS, of Louvain, has in the press a complete translation, with copious extracts from the various commentaries, of the I-li, by Prof. de Harlez. The I-li is the old ceremonial of China, and the only one of the great Kings which has never been translated.

PROF. DE HARLEZ is also preparing a version of the chief philosophical works of the Chinese school which bears the name of Sing-li, or "system of nature," to which belong the celebrated thinkers Tcheou-tze, Tchong-tze, Tchong-tze, Yang-tze, Shao-tze, &c.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER have just issued the long expected Arabic Dictionary of Prof. H. Anthony Salmoné. It consists of two volumes: (1) Arabic-English; and (2) English-Arabic. And though the former contains 1254 pages, and the latter only 179, both alike show the novel principles of arrangement which the author has adopted to economise space, without sacrificing clearness or facility of reference. Briefly stated, his method is—not to attempt to include all derivative formations in alphabetical order, but to give only the

roots, referring the reader for the characteristic modifications to a table, which is printed twice. So again, under the English words, the Arabic equivalents are not repeated, but references are given to the page and line where they occur in the Arabic volume. We must be content now to state that the work seems to be excellently printed.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

Jews' COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Sunday, January 5.)

DR. M. FRIEDLANDER, principal of the college, is the chair.—Mr. James Heckscher delivered a lecture on the life and works of the great lexicographer of Germany, Dr. Daniel Sanders, of Altstrelitz. The lecturer reviewed all the literary work of Dr. Sanders, prominence being given to his great German Dictionary, his *Fremdwörterbuch*, and *Ergänzungswörterbuch*. Prof. Hugo von Maltze called these works the three colossi upon which the most modern German philology is based up to the present, Grimm's grandly conceived German Dictionary, begun in 1859, being still a torso. Mr. Heckscher next alluded to the excellence of Sanders's *Wörterbuch der Hauptschwierigkeiten in der deutschen Sprache*, of which the nineteenth edition appeared last year. Passing then to his *Sprachbriefe* and his *Sprachschatz*, he afterwards reviewed his admirable works on German synonyms. The second part of the lecture was devoted to Sanders's poetical works, his translations of Biblical, Greek, and Roman writers, in which the sweetness and euphony of the German language, faithfully reflecting the original, are of special merit. The number of the lexicographical and grammatical works of Sanders is twenty-nine, that of other works eleven; and among these a prominent place must be given to his *History of the German Language and Literature*, and his *History of Modern Greek Literature* published jointly with M. Rangabé, of Athens. The septuagenarian—Dr. Sanders was born on November 2, 1819—is still hard at work. A poetical work from his pen will shortly appear under the title *Für die fröhliche Jugend*; and for the last three years he has published in Hamburg a monthly periodical, *Zeitschrift für die deutsche Sprache*, which, like all his writings, combines profundity with practical erudition. In fact, he scientifically popularises science. The lecturer concluded by saying that, even if Dr. Sanders had written nothing but his grand German dictionary, he would have erected for himself an everlasting monument.—Mr. Lewis Emanuel and Dr. Hermann Adler, opened a discussion at the end of the lecture by dwelling upon the merits of Dr. Sanders's literary achievements, which were of immense value to the science of philology.—Dr. Friedländer likewise emphasised the services rendered by Dr. Sanders.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 6.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. R. E. Mitcheson read a paper on "Practical Certainty the Highest Certainty." That to be certain is no more than to have the courage of our opinions is at the root of Kant's philosophy. Greater or less certainty is measured by the gravity of the interest which we are willing to stake upon it, just as Kant says of pragmatic or contingent belief that its best test is a bet. Other forms of belief, distinguished from pragmatic belief by Kant, are the same in kind. This he practically admits of all but mathematical knowledge. Judgments dealing with the facts of nature and the laws derived from their observation are empirical and not necessary; and the categories which make such judgments possible are applicable only to possible experience, and do not justify the anticipation of its existence. He agrees with Hume that the principle of causality rests on no *a priori* necessity, but on a kind of subjective necessity arising from its general usefulness in experience. He differs from him in insisting on its necessity when referred to a possible experience; but without the anticipation of the existence of such experiences necessity has no meaning. What of the *a priori* synthetical judgments of

mathematics? Their possibility depends on the pure intuition of space and time, the universal conditions under which the manifold of sense becomes an object. The argument requires that we should have *a priori* intuition of the object itself, for the *a priori* character of the conditions means only their universality within experience. The principles of mathematics are thus regulative, not constitutive. In the ideas of reason Kant only professes to give regulative principles. The highest of them are, however, morally certain, for the absolute imperativeness of moral laws makes us postulate a moral governor of the world. But this imperativeness means only that we are compelled to act upon them. This is all we mean by the highest certainty; and if we speculate on the possibility of higher intelligences the greater certainty of their knowledge would be shown in greater immediacy of action.—A discussion followed.

FINE ART.

THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

I.

THERE is, by comparison with the shows of former years, no diminution in the variety of attractions provided by the Royal Academy at this its twenty-first winter exhibition, no abatement in the supply of pictures of the first rank, new, at any rate, to the present generation. We naturally deplore that this year, as last, not a single Italian picture graces the walls of Burlington House; but we must applaud the decision of the Academicians to show nothing of this class of inferior quality, where so many masterpieces of the first rank have been seen during the last twenty years. If the art-history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is for the present no more to be illustrated and developed by the exhibition of works of the profoundly interesting class which have, from time to time, found a home in the Fourth Gallery—there providing us with many a difficult and fascinating problem to solve—ample compensation is now, as last winter, afforded in other directions in which further exploration is not less necessary.

The exhibition may be said to be divided into four—or, perhaps, we might say five—distinct sections: of which one contains an interesting and already much discussed series of Spanish pictures; the second a singularly choice gathering of Flemish and Dutch works; the third a series of historical portraits of the seventeenth century by Daniel Mytens, and some contemporary Anonimi of a Dutch school other than his—these being contributed entirely by the Marquis of Bristol and the Earl of Suffolk; the fourth a collection, not less charming than its forerunners, of English works of the last and the present century. This last division contains a separate section entirely devoted to the glorification—a tardy, but a complete one—of Alfred Stevens, the sculptor, painter, draughtsman, and decorator, whose genius would have attained a completer development, and received an ampler recognition during his lifetime, had he worked in the Florence of the sixteenth century instead of in the London of the nineteenth.

Among the Spanish pictures, the first place, both for size and interest, must be accorded to the great "Venus and Cupid," by Velasquez, which comes to us from Mr. R. A. Morritt's collection at Rokeby; a work which, although well-known by repute, and quite recently engraved in Herr Carl Justi's exhaustive biography of the artist, has not, so far as I am aware, been previously exhibited in any public gallery. According to Herr Justi it remained in the Royal Spanish collection until the end of the seventeenth century, passing thence into the collections of the Duke of Alba and of Godoy, Prince of the Peace, successively, and

finally, after some intermediate vicissitudes, into that of its present owner. The goddess—if we must follow Velasquez in so styling this well-built and *bien cambree* Andalusian damsel—lies with her back to the spectator in a graceful attitude, reposing on loosely cast draperies of bluish-grey and white, and gazing indolently into a hand-mirror which is held up to her gaze by a robust and naturalistic Cupid furnished with wings, and wearing only a tiny blue scarf. Overhanging the whole are draperies of that peculiar *lie de vin* colour which the painter so much affects, while a paler variety of the same tint is repeated in a ribbon loosely cast over the ebony-framed mirror. As a study of the nude—a glorified naturalistic *académie* carried out on a large scale, and finished with extraordinary breadth and thoroughness—the picture is remarkable even among the works of Velasquez, besides being practically unique in the Spanish art of the time. Parts of the canvas, which is on the whole fresh and well-preserved, must have suffered much injury; for the averted head of Venus is so empty, and so poor even in handling, that it cannot have been left thus by the masterly Sevillian, while the modelling of the left shoulder appears by contrast with the rest of the undraped form empty and insufficient. With these exceptions the painting, in a full even light, of the flesh is of extraordinary unity and force, lacking, of course, the golden transparency of the Venetians, but showing an elasticity in the rendering of the firm, muscular tissues under the skin which even they hardly attained. Velasquez revels naturally in such technical difficulties as the suggestion of the head reflected in the mirror, the wings of the Cupid, and the tangle of light muslin draperies lying in a heap between the goddess and the wall. The general tone is of such strength that it crushes all that is placed beside it—even the master's own works. Here, however, praise may well abate; for the "Venus and Cupid," with all the incomparable mastery of execution revealed by certain portions, shows very clearly the limits of Velasquez's genius. Of a personal conception of the subject, going beyond and really focussing into an organic whole the living models and the artistic properties skillfully arranged by the painter, there is here—even if we accept his naturalistic standpoint—hardly a question. Think, by comparison, with how exquisite a grace Correggio presents his own re-creation of similar subjects in pictures such as the "Antiope," the "Leda," or the "Danæ"; how far from the common-places of the dressing-room is Giorgione's beautiful Venus at the Dresden Gallery, in which the true Venetian voluptuousness and vitality are combined with an almost classic beauty. Of all these supreme masters, Titian comes nearest to earth in his famous "Venus of the Tribune," which is so nearly a portrait of the fair Eleonore, Duchess of Urbino; but even here the amorous glow which gives colour to the work is of a higher and stronger, and yet a less personal, order than that unimpassioned sensuousness which peeps forth from the admirable study of Velasquez. Next come a whole series of portraits by the same great master, which are of high interest, though none perhaps attains the level upon which stand—to leave out of the question the Madrid masterpieces—such well-known works as the "Infante Marguerite" of the Louvre, our own smaller "Philip IV.," the splendid "Juan Mateos" of Dresden, the unfinished head at Munich, the "Leo X." of the Doria Palace, or the painter's own portrait at the Capitol. The portrait of Philip's consort, the young Queen Maria Anna of Austria, lent by Sir Clare Ford, is an uninviting performance—clearly an atelier replica, or copy of an original of

which much better repetitions are known. The splendid full-length of "Admiral Adrian Pulido Pareja," contributed by the Duke of Bedford, appears to be an original repetition of the great work which still remains in Spain in the possession of the Duke of Arcos. Another representation of the same personage, in simpler and more sombre attire, is at Longford Castle, and was seen at Burlington House when the famous "Ambassadors" and "Erasmus" of Holbein, from the same collection, were exhibited. The present example shows such splendour of sombre colour, such vivacity and strength in the rendering of the details of the dress, that we cannot believe that another than Velasquez had originally a hand in its execution. The powerful head—characterised by the ardour of the warrior with an infusion of that cold restrained ferocity peculiar to the Spaniard—may have been tampered with at the time when some inferior and later painter put in the background, showing a naval engagement half veiled by a falling curtain, and to the left of the foreground an escutcheon with a posthumous inscription. The portrait of the Infant, "Don Balthasar Carlos," from Manchester House, shows him as a baby, clad in a frock of pale grey satin, richly embroidered with silver, maintaining with difficulty his equilibrium, as he stands framed in a curtain of green and gold. The face of the baby-boy is painted with exquisite delicacy, and recalls, though it is far from equalling, the already cited "Infante Marguerite" of the Louvre. The present is the only known example of exactly the type and colour-scheme described; the far more beautiful Castle Howard likeness of the prince—once called a "Prince of Parma," and attributed to Correggio—showing a much richer and an entirely different chord of harmony. The green hanging may possibly be pupil's work. The Duke of Devonshire's "Portrait of a Lady," from Chiswick, manifestly represents the same fascinating and yet in a way repellent Spanish woman who appears in that masterpiece, the "Femme à l'Eventail," owned by Sir Richard Wallace, and recently seen here; but it is by no means a repetition of that work. On the contrary, it may have been a first sketch or design for it, carried far and then abandoned; for the head alone, with its burning, enigmatical eyes, is identical in both versions, while the dress in the Duke of Devonshire's sketch is brown, and of richer fashion than the plain grey and black robe of Sir Richard Wallace's larger and more finished portrait. From Buckingham Palace comes a full-length of "Don Balthasar Carlos," at the age of about fourteen years, wearing splendid gala half-armour and a rich costume, while his uniformly crimson-hued surroundings are of unusual richness. This is said to be the picture despatched by the Spanish to the English royal house in 1639, when a matrimonial alliance between the two courts was again in the air. Such a picture is indeed distinctly mentioned in the catalogue of Charles I.'s collection. It is stated that the present example was, not very long since, found rolled up at Windsor, and thence transferred to Buckingham Palace. However this may be, the painting, with all its richness of colour, lacks the supreme decision and the strength of tone which mark the work of Velasquez himself. From the atelier of Philip's court-painter the canvas undoubtedly comes, and some touches of the master it may have; but it cannot on the whole take higher rank than that of a good studio-piece painted under the eye of the master. The two large sketches from the collections of Sir Richard Wallace and the Duke of Westminster respectively, both of them showing the young Don Balthasar Carlos riding a sturdy pony in the court *manège*, but with backgrounds differing altogether from each

other in design, are in my opinion both undoubted originals; although the one and the other—and especially the Duke of Westminster's version—have since the opening of this exhibition been doubted by some competent critics. The finer and more typical performance, so far as regards the equestrian portrait of the young prince, is the picture from Manchester House, which is somewhat smaller and, as to its background, in a far less advanced state than its rival. This last is painted in broadly and hastily in semi-transparent colours, with figures barely indicated. In the more elaborate version coming from Grosvenor House there appears in the middle distance the great Conde-Duque Olivarez himself, officiating apparently as master of horse, while in a balcony in the farther distance are figures which have been identified as those of the king and queen watching the equestrian performances of their little boy. This background is painted in with a swiftness and masterly dexterity of touch which no copyist or pupil—beit Juan Bautista del Mazo himself, whose name has been brought forward in connexion with the work—could well emulate. Besides which a sketch of this character is precisely the kind of painting which a pupil would not copy, save as an exercise, and of which a copy would hardly be required. Moreover, no other version of the present picture exactly similar in design is known to exist. What the imitative art of this same Juan Bautista del Mazo amounted to, when he was left to his own devices, is well shown in the interesting but, notwithstanding its Velasquez-like technique, decidedly inferior portrait of the widowed Queen Maria Anna of Austria, painted some years after the death of Mazo's great master.

The lovers of Murillo's so-called sacred art will admire the two, in their ways first-rate, examples which come from Lord Rothschild's collection. The one is the famous "Good Shepherd"—perhaps the best of a very numerous family of similar pieces, and certainly beautiful, so far as anything so flimsy and insincere in sentiment can be beautiful: the head is very fine in draughtsmanship, but the sheep are feeble and far from convincing. To another and apparently an earlier manner, marked by less of the deliberately cloudy and vaporous, is the "Virgin and Child," also empty in sentiment, but remarkable for the boldness with which the superabundant draperies—mainly of that bottle-green peculiar to Murillo—are cast. In strong contrast with the art of his two great contemporaries stands forth that of the not less truly Spanish Zurbaran, whose work, notwithstanding a certain element of monotonous persistency, derives an intense force, a convincing authority, from the glow of fervid unquestioning piety which pervades all his conceptions of sacred personages and sacred scenes. Lord Heytesbury sends two large full-lengths of Church-Fathers, "St. Benedict" and "St. Jerome," which perhaps exemplify some of Zurbaran's defects—among them the rigid perpendicular fold of his draperies, and their metallic quality—more strongly than they bring out his characteristic merits. These qualities lend a unique charm of unconscious naïveté and perfect sincerity, such as we might expect to find rather in works of the fourteenth and fifteenth than in those of the seventeenth century, to three single figures of saints of smaller dimensions, "St. Andrew," "St. Thomas," and "St. Cyril," all contributed by the Duke of Sutherland. Especially the "St. Thomas"—a white-robed figure wearing a black hat—and the "St. Cyril"—wearing also robes of black and white, but of different fashion, and shown gazing upwards in an attitude of fervent prayer—are thoroughly characteristic of what is rarest and strongest in the master's peculiar individuality.

Flanders holds its own well between Spain on the one hand and Holland on the other, although its masters are represented by but very few specimens. There are few finer Vandycks, in that second Flemish manner, which was perhaps the painter's finest, than the Duke of Sutherland's beautiful so-called "Portrait of an Artist," which, from its aspect, should represent rather an aristocratic dilettante or dabbler in science. Consummate drawing, courting rather than avoiding difficulties, and composition of balanced excellence, are here employed in the service of a conception of great pathos and of a truth which is coloured, but not obliterated, by the artist's engaging personality. Worthy to be mentioned with this is the same painter's "Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel," showing a half-figure of the great collector gazing at a precious medallion which he holds in his hand. It represents him at a much earlier age than the Duke of Norfolk's famous example, in which he is portrayed with one of his grandsons; and it is more rapid if less solid in execution than that noble work. The landscape background is brushed in with a force and sureness of effect which almost suggests Rubens. We need do no more than mention here the latter master's superb, yet not altogether attractive, colour-study, "The Daughter of Herodias, with the Head of St. John the Baptist," which comes from Castle Howard. A curious puzzle is provided by the masterly portrait of "John, Count of Nassau - Dillenburg," ascribed, manifestly in error, to Vandyck. The martial, somewhat self-assertive, yet noble personage who here appears, almost fronting the spectator, wearing elaborately engraved half-armor, is conceived in a fashion totally at variance with that of the gentle Antwerp; the opaque flesh-painting, the blackish-grey half-tones and shadows of the consummately well-drawn head are not his; the singularly accurate rendering of the costume lacks the subtle charm of colour which he would have known how to impart to it. After carefully passing in review the contemporary Flemings who could not have painted the picture, I put forward the suggestion, though with some hesitation, that it may be by Gaspar de Crayer, the Antwerp artist who, after Rubens and Vandyck, may be considered to have occupied the foremost place in the eyes of his contemporaries, but who is now more widely known as the painter of important altar-pieces and vast ecclesiastical machines than as a portrait-painter.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Sports and Arts Exhibition will open at the Grosvenor Gallery on this day week, Saturday, January 18. We understand that very representative collections have been brought together of the work both of Sir Edwin Landseer and of Stubbs.

THERE will be on view next week at the Burlington Fine Arts Club a collection of drawings in water-colour and in black-and-white by the late Spencer Vincent. Admission may be obtained, on the introduction of a member, daily between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., and on Thursdays also from 8 to 11 p.m.

PROF. REGINALD STUART POOLE'S course of lectures at University College, London, during the coming term will be devoted to British and English archaeology; and each lecture will be followed by a demonstration on the following day in the galleries of the British Museum. The professor himself will deliver the inaugural lecture of the course on Wednesday next, January 15; and, later on, a lecture on "The Place of Coins in the History of Britain." At

his invitation, the following subjects will be treated by specialists: "Iberic, Celtic, Roman, English, and Danish Britain," in three lectures by Prof. Boyd Dawkins; "The Mediaeval House," by Prof. Roger Smith, illustrated by a visit to Mrs. Pullan's house in Melbury-road; "Illuminated Manuscripts," by Mr. T. Matesdorf; "The Monastery in Mediaeval England," two lectures by Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The lectures are open to the public without payment or ticket; for the demonstrations a fee of one guinea is charged. Prof. Poole hopes also to give another course of twelve lessons on "Classical Art, Vases, Sculpture, and Coins" at the British Museum, and the Museum of Casts, South Kensington.

THE STAGE.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT THE GLOBE.

MR. F. R. BENSON'S company has for the last few years been known as one of but two or three travelling companies devoted wholly to what is called "legitimate" work. Mr. Edward Compton and, of late, Miss Kate Vaughan have taken about the provinces troops of actors devoted to much the same service; save that their efforts, while confined to the "legitimate," are yet more narrowly confined, we believe, to comedy. Mr. Benson—whose success as an amateur at Oxford is probably responsible for his subsequent choice of the profession of the stage—has made it his especial business to play Shakspeare in the provinces; and, for our own part, we are inclined to put it to his credit that he has relied mainly upon what was at all events meant to be an intelligent and worthy interpretation of the plays, and has given to "spectacle" a quite secondary place. With his appearance at the Globe Theatre, things are changed a little. The performance, no doubt, has been rendered more generally attractive; but we are not now seeing Mr. Benson and his comrades quite as they are accustomed to be beheld in the provinces. In that respect his experiment differs from that which Mr. Edward Compton made at the Strand, three or four years ago, when he produced not only the plays, but likewise exactly the performers, he was accustomed to produce in the country. Not that I would grumble for a moment at the opportunity which Mr. Benson affords me of seeing Miss Kate Rorke—whom the provinces know not—in a performance that is at least eminently picturesque. Not that I would grumble at that measure of spectacle which Mr. Benson—as a concession, it may be, to the weaker brethren—has vouchsafed to afford us at the Globe.

No; the fashion in which the piece is treated at the Globe is, on the whole, a wise one. Given the determination to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and, doubtless, it was necessary to produce it with a goodly show. What is there in the story—what in the characters—that can really hold public attention? No one wants to take very seriously this exquisite fancy, save for the literature which its framework enshrines; and it is not to the Globe nor to any other theatre that we need go for the full enjoyment of that literature. When a piece like "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is presented on the boards, one of the things we feel is the

absence of characterisation, of individuality, in its heroines. For the piece to be a purely theatrical success, one of two things is almost necessary, or seems at all events to be regarded as almost necessary. Either the comic scenes must be so much drawn out—not to say exaggerated—that they shall come within the range of the appreciation of the gallery; or the fairy element must be made such an excuse for exquisite spectacle that the man in the stalls or private boxes—the man who has dined, and wishes nobody ill—must be roused from the polite indifference which is proper to him. And may we say that, to some extent at least, both of these things have been done at the Globe, under Mr. Benson? The comic scenes are taken—to my mind—at a pace at which they drag. The fairy scenes are the occasion of a show that is so pretty as to be almost rousing.

Perhaps Mr. Benson was desirous of beginning in London with a piece in which at least the good "all-round" character of the performances he organises should be perceptible, and not the attainments of any particular actor. If so, then again "The Midsummer Night's Dream" was, to some extent, a wise choice. It is clearly shown that intelligence is looked for, under his management, from star to super; but it is not as clearly evident that his company has great dramatic capacity. Mr. Benson himself plays Lysander, with discretion and taste; but, like several of his comrades, his technical resources in the matter of elocution appear to be limited. We await the opportunity of seeing him in more important parts. Mr. Herbert Ross is Demetrius. Mr. G. R. Weir was not impressive as Bottom. He was competent—if one may use the word in such a connexion—rather than ingenious and entertaining. But some of those who know this confessedly valued actor claim for him, with confidence, the rare gift of versatility; and, from what has been heard of him, we shall particularly welcome his appearance as Falstaff, later in the season. He is said to endow the part with the unctuousness which has so often been missed. As Titania, Mrs. Benson pleases. Miss Ada Ferrer is a sufficiently capable Hermia. Miss Kate Rorke—who looks at her best, but is not easier than the rest of the world in the delivery of blank verse—plays Helena earnestly, in a tawny wig, and manages her draperies better than do some of her associates. Actual passion I do not feel that she reaches. As Hippolyta, Miss Marion Grey presents a picture of singular charm. Puck is excellent of movement, but faulty of speech. There is much to praise in individual effort. There are many shortcomings—so many, indeed, that an unknown person might make a reputation by writing a magazine article to point them all out. But the impression that remains, when all is said and done, is a favourable one. An exceedingly tasteful and refined show has passed before us—one that witnesses to any amount of ingenious consideration on the part of those who have planned it. Nothing is merely gorgeous; yet no labour and no cost has been spared whereby the text, and the spirit of the text, could be illustrated. When we have declared this, and have added that Mendelssohn's exquisite music—with song and choral, wedding march and fairy dance—is heard from the evening's beginning to its end, the opinion

has practically been expressed that the present performance of the Shaksperian Fairy Comedy is one that ought by no means to be missed.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. BURNAND's burlesque on "La Tosca," with Mr. Roberts and Miss Margaret Ayrton in the principal parts, was to be produced at the Royalty on Thursday evening—too late for notice here. It can, however, hardly be doubted that the piece and its interpreters will supply all the entertainment that could be desired. "La Tosca" offers a hundred opportunities, which Mr. Burnand is not likely to lose.

MR. ALBERY's "Forgiven" is to be revived to-night at the Criterion, with Mr. David James, Mr. Leonard Boyne, Mr. Kerr, and Miss Olga Brandon in the chief parts.

MISS ANNIE IRISH has written a play which is to be brought out at a matinée at Terry's, in ten days' time.

AT the Avenue Theatre, the performances of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold"—which are perhaps chiefly attractive by reason of the grace of Miss Marie Linden and Miss Amalia Gruhn, and of the extreme smartness of William Brough's punning—will be continued, we hear, until the eve of the day when the theatre passes into other hands. The little musical piece, "The Rose of Auvergne," which precedes the principal attraction of the evening, is not at all badly done.

MUSIC.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS.

Bristol: Jan. 8, 1890.

THE rapid and continuous progress of this society, since it was started in 1882 by some of the leading professors of music in Lancashire, shows how welcome is the idea of co-operation and unity. There is no musical creed connected with it, but members holding the most antagonistic views meet together "to foster and develop the progress of a truly national art in Great Britain." Annual conferences have already been held in London, Birmingham, and Cambridge. This year Bristol, a city famous for its Madrigal and Orpheus societies, has been selected for the meeting.

Last Tuesday there was a reception by the general council at the Royal Hotel; and in the evening a pleasant conversazione, at which there was a performance of music selected from works by members of the society—a piano-forte Trio by Dr. Bunnett, a Sonata for violin and piano by Dr. Walter Stokes, and a Duo Concertante for two pianofortes by Mr. C. E. Stephens. The last-named, a clever and attractive work in three movements, was well rendered by Mdme. Emily Lawrence and the composer himself, and was much applauded.

On Wednesday morning, the conference was opened by Sir Charles Wathen, Mayor of Bristol, at the Merchants Venturers' Hall. The chair was to have been taken by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie; but he was unable to leave London, and his place was supplied by Mr. E. Stephens. After speeches from the mayor and the chairman, and a report, testifying to the prosperous condition of the society, from the secretary, Mr. E. Chadfield, Mr. Ebenezer Prout read a short but extremely practical and interesting paper on "The Study of Counterpoint." It was, as Mr. Banister in the after-discussion humbly observed, a "counterblast" to a

paper on the same subject read at the Cambridge conference in 1889 by Dr. Hiles. Mr. Prout believes that there is no better training for the musical mind than strict counterpoint. A strong point in his favour, and one which he did not forget to mention, was the time and attention which all the great composers had given to it. No, not all: there was one, Franz Schubert, who, in early youth, had no systematic training. Yet he, with all his rare gifts and ready pen, felt the want of it; and only a few weeks before his death had decided to work at counterpoint with S. Sechter. Mr. Prout, in his recent work on *Harmony*, has shown us that he is well aware of the strides which music has made since the rules of counterpoint were fixed by such men as Fux, Albrechtsberger, Cherubini; and he wisely proposes certain modifications in those rules. But he would have strict counterpoint taught, using only common chords and their first inversions. This he believes is the best way to teach pupils how to gain an insight into the progression of chords. In the discussion which followed, Dr. Hiles naturally took a leading part. His contention that the great composers, even including Bach, refused to be fettered by the ancient rules had really nothing to do with the matter; for, as Mr. Prout observed, he (Mr. Prout) was not laying down the law for geniuses, but discussing the best method of training persons who were learning music. Dr. Hiles considered strict counterpoint useless to the student. While trying to modify rules so as to keep pace with the spirit of the age, it is surely wise not suddenly to break with a system which produced a Haydn, a Mozart, and a Beethoven. The matter has been taken up in order to come to some practical decision as to the kind of questions to be asked in the examinations conducted by this society. On Thursday morning a resolution will be proposed by Mr. Prout "That it is desirable that a due proportion of questions in strict counterpoint be added to the present Examinations Questions Book."

In the afternoon Mr. Curwen contributed a valuable paper on "The Elementary Musical Education of the People"; in the evening Sir George W. Edwards, president of the famous Bristol Madrigal Society, invited the members to a concert at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton. A performance of some of the finest madrigals by ancient and modern composers, under Mr. D. W. Rootham's able direction, proved a rare treat.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

WE have received from Messrs. Ascherberg:—

Handel's Choruses for the Organ, arranged by Henry Smart. Two volumes in one. There are in all twenty-four numbers: five from the "Messiah," four from "Israel," three from "Judas," three from "Solomon," and the rest from favourite works of the Saxon master. It is, of course, unnecessary to dilate upon the beauty and grandeur of the music, while the name of Smart is an assurance that the arrangements are well done. The pedal parts are only of moderate difficulty.

Of songs we would mention *The Vampire*, by Michael Watson, a stirring and effective composition; *Love's Réverie*, by H. Kreuz, a light, fanciful song, with a *Tempo di Valse*; *Espanita*, by Antonio L. Mori, a light, showy Spanish love-song, composed expressly for Mdme. Marie Roze; *John's Wife*, by J. L. Roeckel, a simple ballad in which the words play chief part; and *Love can Wait*, by H. Trotère, a quiet, expressive song. Besides, we have Sydney Smith's song "For You," neatly transcribed for violin with pianoforte accompaniment by Guido

Papini, and also arranged as an easy pianoforte waltz, by May Ostlere.

From Messrs. Hutchings:—

The Silver Bridge. Cantata, by J. Hoffmann. The libretto, by E. Oxenford, is based upon a popular Norse legend. It tells how some maidens in danger of drowning were rescued by a knight clad in silver armour. His task accomplished, he disappeared under the water and was seen no more. To commemorate the event, a "silver bridge" was erected near the spot, and ever after peasant maidens repeat the tale in song. The music for treble voices, consisting of soli, concerted pieces, and recitatives, is light and extremely pretty.

Soft, soft wind: Song with violin obbligato, by A. S. Gatty, is a quiet, taking song.

Six Grand Marches, arranged for three performers upon one pianoforte, by Dr. W. J. Westbrook. Teachers will find these trifling transcriptions useful and agreeable exercises in ensemble playing.

Grande Fantasia sur des Airs Siamois, by J. Romano, is a pianoforte piece of considerable difficulty, but of little merit.

Harvest Time, rondo for pianoforte, by Arthur Berridge, is a light, agreeable little piece.

On airs from Tito Mattei's Opera Comique, "*La Prima-Donna*," we have a Valse and Lancers which will be novelties for the festive season. They are arranged by John Crook.

Hirondelle, by G. Brittain is a lively little polka.

Wavelets: composed by R. Roche, transcribed for violin with pianoforte accompaniment by Tivadar Machéz, is a showy drawing-room piece of moderate difficulty.

From Messrs. Ducci:—

When Twilight comes, by A. Strelezki, a quiet, sentimental song, with violin obbligato part by Guido Pajuni.

Minuetto, for pianoforte, by Ant. Dvorák, is a piece full of grace and charm. There are phrases in it which show how strongly the composer is imbued with the spirit of Schubert. In its original form, it was written for a small orchestra.

Printemps et Jeunesse, by E. Rubini, is a light and graceful "*Valse de Salon*" for pianoforte, dedicated to M. V. de Pachmann.

Retraite Mauresque, for pianoforte, by A. H. West, is a spirited piece of moderate difficulty.

Zizine, by L. Badia; a lively and easy waltz.

Intermezzo, for piano and violin, by G. St. George (Woolhouse), is a light, graceful, and easy piece.

Joyous Moments, No. 2 of Two Melodies for Piano, by A. Buhl (Duff & Stewart); a light drawing-room piece.

Six Anthems from the Oratorio "*Immanuel*," by Dr. W. Spark (J. Heywood). Two of these are short, simple, and effective: "*I delight to do thy will*," for unaccompanied quartet or semi-chorus; and the Christmas Carol, "*It came upon the midnight clear*," for chorus. The air for bass "*Why are ye so fearful*," and the soprano and tenor duet with chorus "*Unto thee, O Lord*," are smooth and flowing. "*This is the day*" is a longer anthem, consisting of trio and chorus connected by a few bars recitative and short organ symphony: the music is melodious, but has no distinctive character. "*Hosanna to the Son of David*" has evidently been suggested by Gounod's "*Calvary*" March, but the music is not of an equally elevated order.

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